

Shadow

COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

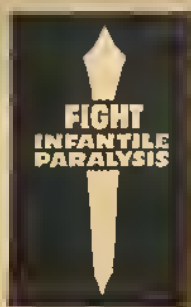
**ATOM BOMB
SECRET
STOLEN!**

*The Shadow's
Greatest Adventure!!*



52 PAGES—THE BEST BUY® IN COMICS!
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

“Help me
walk
again...”



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THE SHADOW

Solves the Mystery of the Missing Uranium



BOILING THE SUPER CRIMINALS, WHO HAD THE SECRET OF THE ATOM BOMB IN THEIR GRASP, **THE SHADOW** AGAIN CONQUERS THE FORCES OF EVIL IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AMERICA...

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LAMONT CRANSTON, NEW YORK CLUBMAN, WHO ALSO FIGHTS CRIMINALS AS **THE SHADOW**, TAKES A VACATION AND FLIES DOWN TO RIO DE JANEIRO IN A PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAYS PLANE WITH HIS SECRETARY, **MARGO LANE**...

ISN'T IT **WONDERFUL**, LAMONT?!
IN TWO HOURS WE'LL BE IN **RIO**!

...AND YOU CAN WEAR YOUR
NEW BATHING SUIT AT
COPACABANA BEACH!



WOULD YOU LIKE A COPY OF TODAY'S
"TIMES", MR CRANSTON?

I WOULD
INDEED...
THANK
YOU!!

WHAT IS IT, LAMONT...WHAT'S
WRONG?!
PLENTY!! HERE!
LOOK AT THIS
ARTICLE!!...



VANISHED URANIUM A BRAZIL MYSTERY

Costly, Atomic Ore, Extracted
During War From Limited
Sources, Reported Missing

By Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
RIO DE JANEIRO, July 23 (De-
layed) — Mystery surrounds the
whereabouts of several tons of ura-
nium ore, an important ingredient
of the atomic bomb, that was ex-
tracted in Brazil during the war in
connection with other mining op-
erations and stored for a time near
the town of Currago Novos in the
State of Rio Grande do Norte.

This uranium was obtained
through a costly process, carried
on during the war, of extracting

several metals — mica, beryl and
tantalite—from small pieces of ore-
bearing rock known as pegmatites,
which are found in quantity in sev-
eral parts of Brazil, including the
State of Minas Geraes, in the
northeastern part of the country.
The uranium ore was a by-product
of this operation.

It is insisted that no big veins of
uranium ore like that at Slave
Lake, Canada, from which the in-
gredients for the first atomic
bombs came, has been found in
Brazil yet, despite the fact that
much of the country has the same
archaic rock in which uranium
ore is found in Canada.

Control Problem Difficult

But there is a huge problem of
atomic control in Brazil neverthe-
less, because from the sand along
no less than 700 miles of Brazil's
seacoast comes thorium, which also
has been used in making atomic
bombs and is said to have radio-
active properties.

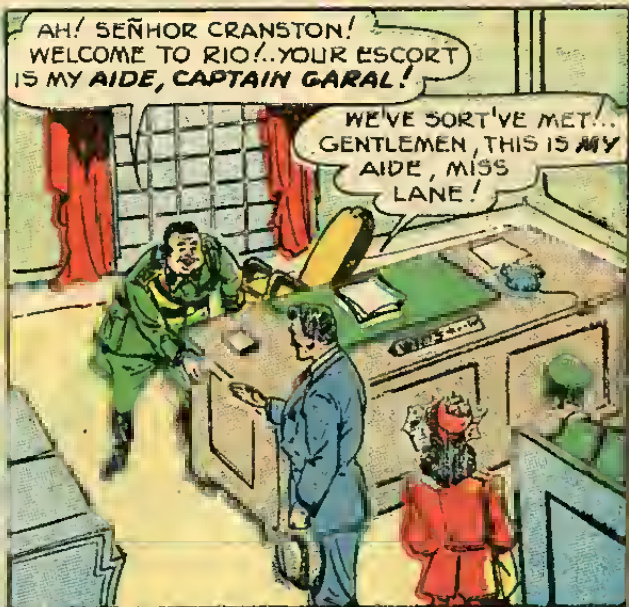
Although the Brazilian Govern-
ment is understood to have taken

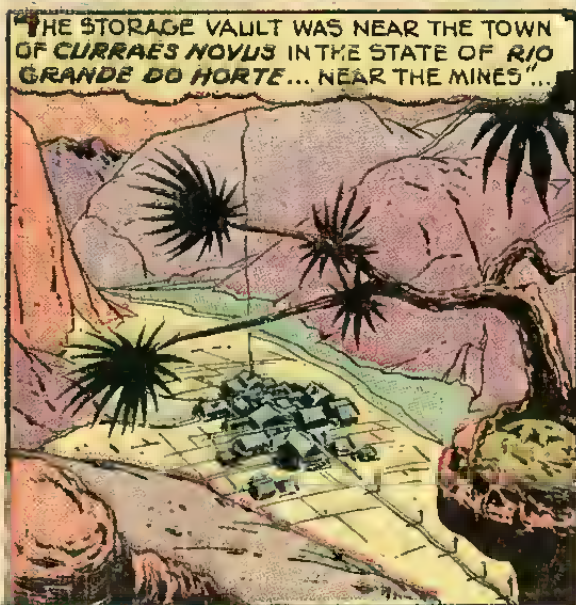
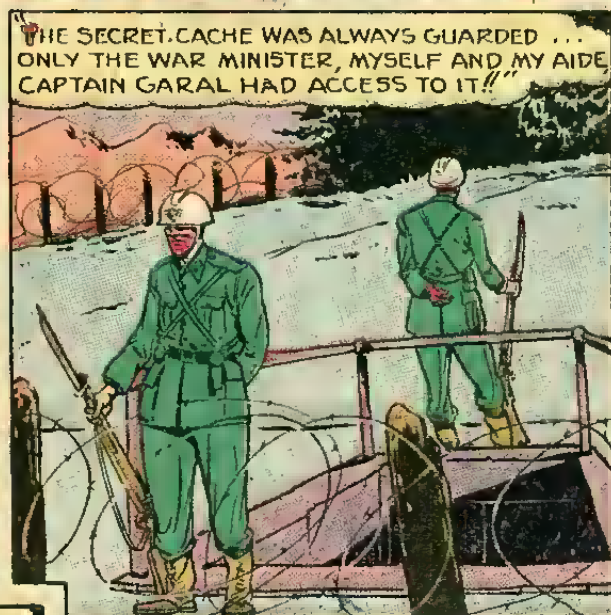
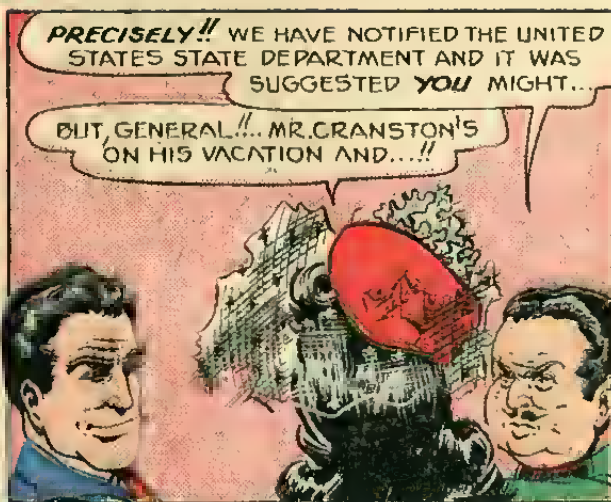
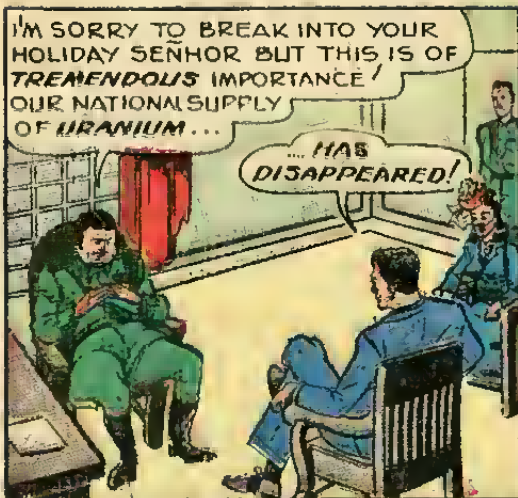
IT MEANS THERE'S ENOUGH **URANIUM** LOOSE
TO **BLOW NEW YORK OR WASHINGTON**
TO **SMITHEREENS!!...** IN
THE **WRONG HANDS...???**

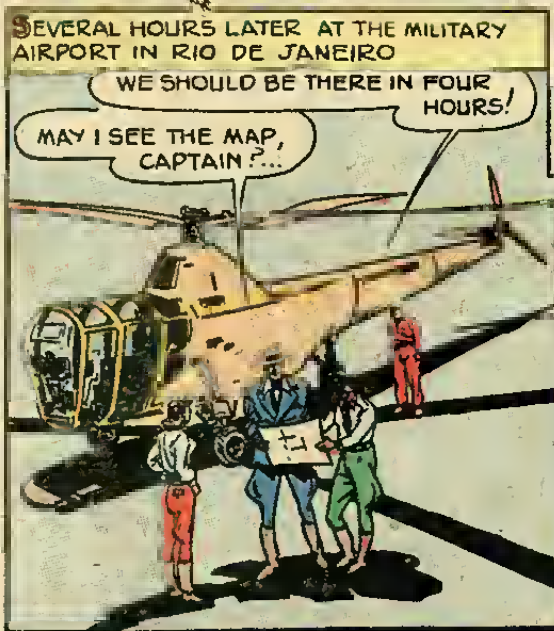
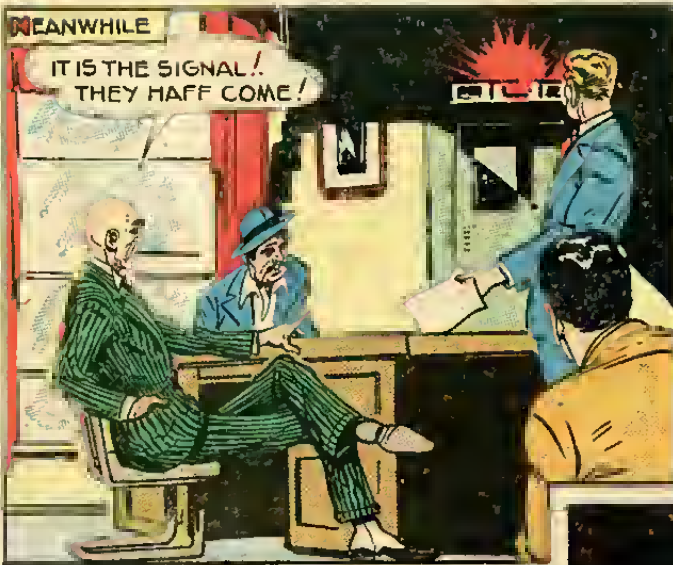


BUT, LAMONT, THIS IS YOUR
VACATION!!... WON'T IT WAIT
FOR TWO WEEKS?!

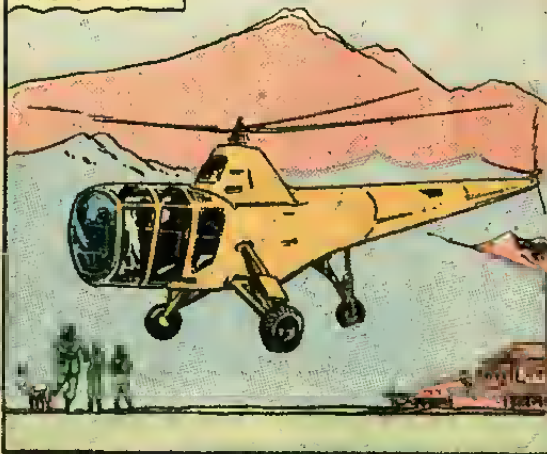








TAKING OFF UNDER THE EXPERT HAND OF CAPTAIN GARAL, THE TRIO FLIES TO THE MINES AND SEVERAL HOURS LATER LANDS NEAR THE TOWN...



MEETING THEIR GUARD, THE PARTY TAKES TO BURROS AND PLODS UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE...

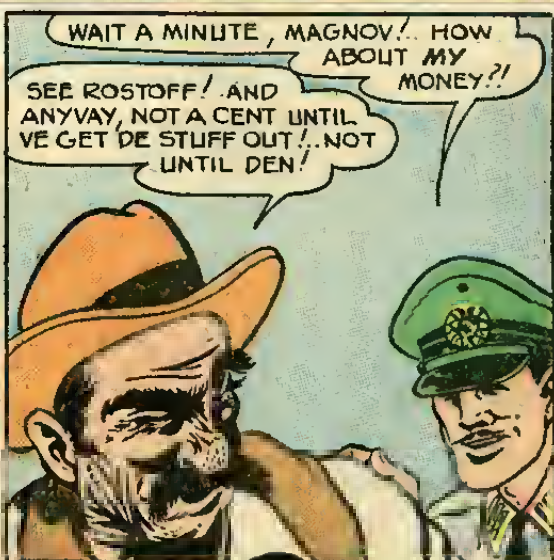
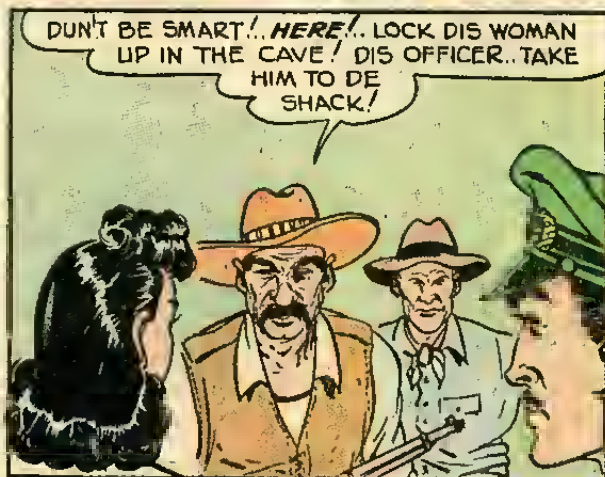


DEY'RE COMING! I CAN SEE DEM. GET READY!



TETHERING HIS MOUNT, CRANSTON QUICKLY SLIPS ON HIS **SHADOW** COSTUME AND STRAPPING A KNAPSACK ON HIS BACK CLIMBS THE MOUNTAIN...





MEANWHILE, WEARING A "SNOOPER-SCOPE" THAT LETS HIM SEE IN LITTER DARKNESS, THE SHADOW SEARCHES FOR THE URANIUM CACHE WITH A GEIGER COUNTER. SUDDENLY....

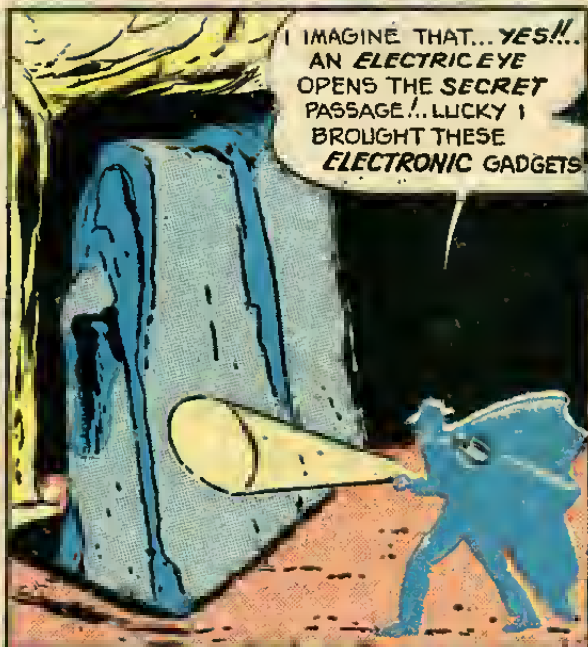
SOMEONE'S COMING!!



THE GEIGER COUNTER DETECTS THE PRESENCE OF RADIO ACTIVITY... THE NEEDLE FLICKERING AND REGISTERING ITS INTENSITY...

JUST THEN..

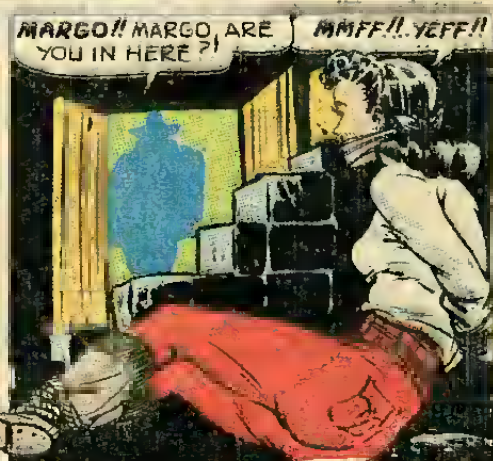
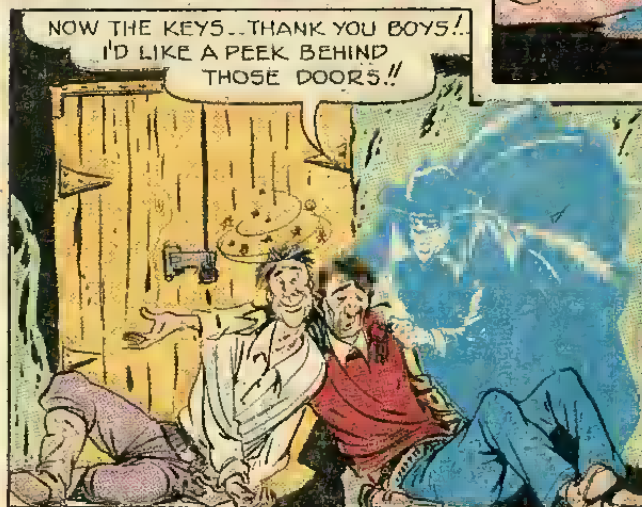
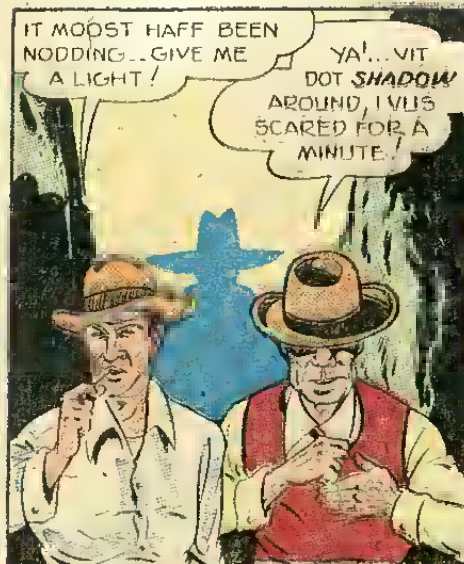
LET'S GO AROUND AGAIN!

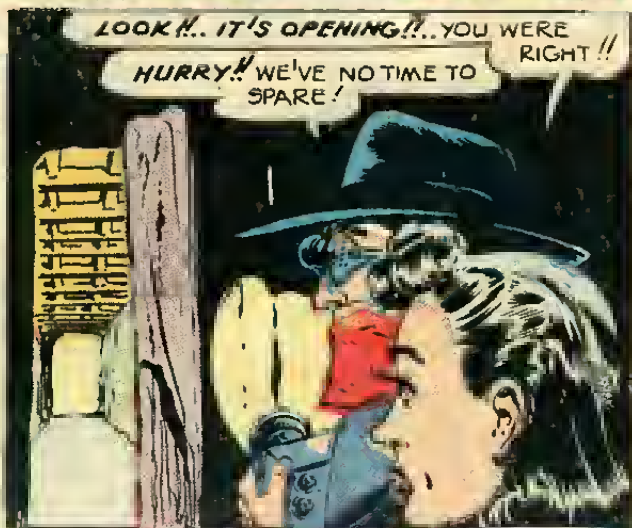
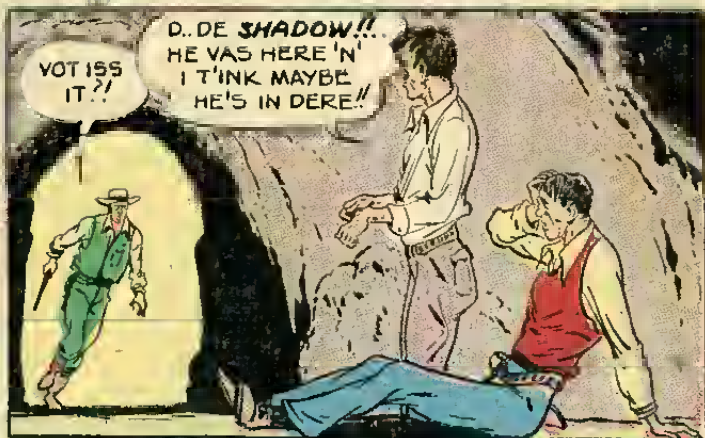


LISTEN!! DID YOU HEAR ANYTHING?!

I DUNNO!! I DUNT SEE NODDINGS!







WHILE OUTSIDE...

HE VONT OPEN UP!.. BREAK
DOWN THE DOOR..AN' SHOOT
TO KILL!!...

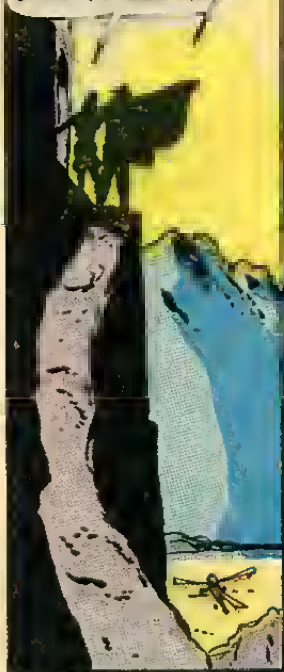


THEY'RE BREAKING IN!!! **COME
ON!...** HANG ON TO MY HAND
IF YOU CAN'T SEE IN THE
DARKNESS..MY **INFRA-RED
SNOOPERSCOPE** WILL SHOW
US THE WAY!



NOT FAR TO GO NOW!
THERE'S THE HELI-
COPTER!

AND AM I
GLAD TO SEE IT!!



THEY'RE GONE

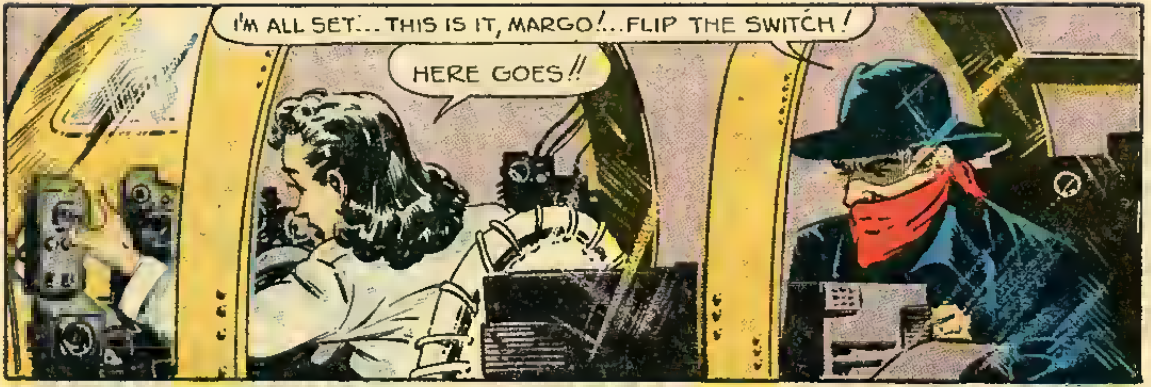
BUT IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!! DEY COULDN'T
ESCAPE!!
BUT THEY DID!
THEY FOUND THE
SECRET EXIT!!

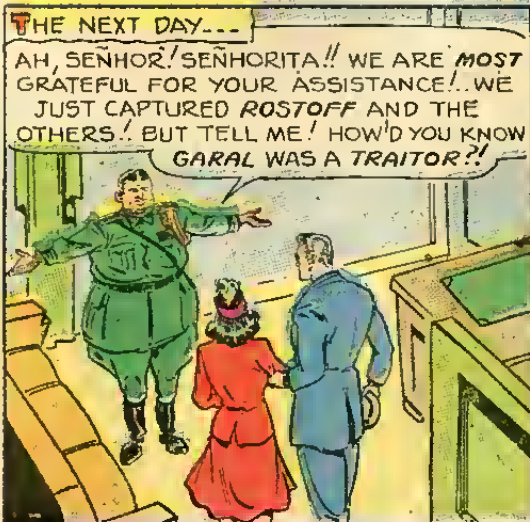


TAKE IT AWAY, MARGO,
WHILE I RIG UP MY
SHORT WAVE RADIO!!

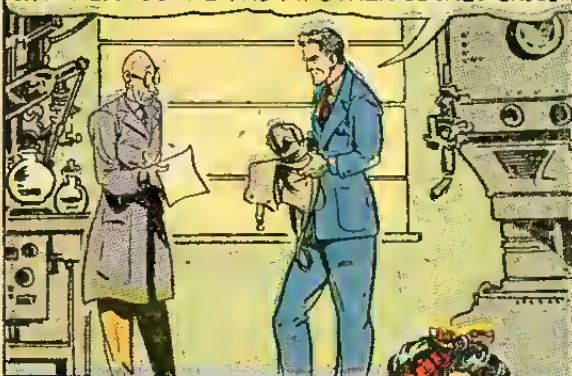
ROG!! LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!!







BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE MOUNTAIN, I BORROWED A SHEET OF **CAOIMIUM**, A **GEIGER COUNTER** AND A **PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL**... ALL OF WHICH I STUFFED INTO MY **KNAPSACK** ALONG WITH MY **SNOOPER-SCOPE** AND MY OTHER **SECRET GADGET**.

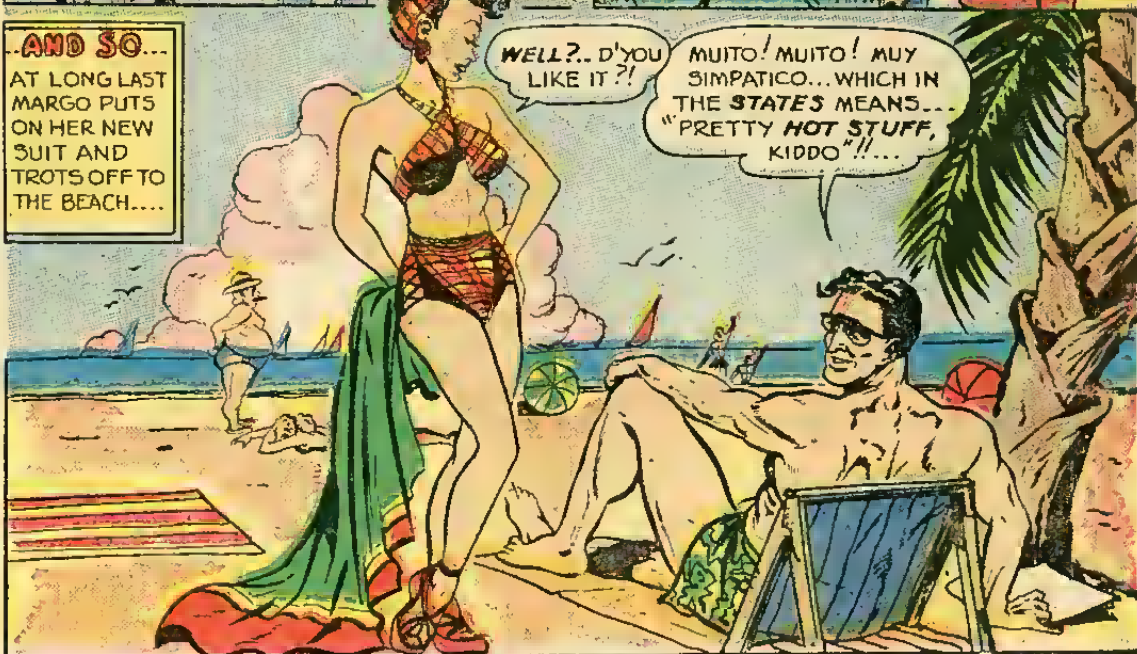


BUT THE **EXPLOSION**—HOW DID YOU MANAGE THAT?!

I SET UP A **CRUDE ATOMIC BOMB** IN THE CAVE AND SET IT OFF BY **RADIO**. BUT JUST **HOW** IS A SECRET I CAN'T TELL EVEN **YOU!!**... AND NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, I HAVE SOME **VACATIONING** TO ATTEND TO... **BUENOS DIAS!**



AND SO...
AT LONG LAST **MARGO** PUTS ON HER NEW SUIT AND TROTS OFF TO THE BEACH....



BING DALGREN SOLVES THE FAMOUS BASEMENT MYSTERY

THE GREAT TIMES-NEWS STAR REPORTER APPEARS AGAIN IN HIS ROLE OF DETECTIVE-REPORTER WITH ONE OF HIS THRILLING ADVENTURES—

STORY AND PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER



MR. DALGREN, SOMETHING AWFUL HAS HAPPENED—THERE'S BEEN A MURDER IN MY APARTMENT AND I'M AFRAID TO PHONE THE POLICE—



THANKS, MR. DALGREN—

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER, PETE—LET ME CHECK WITH YOU—

THE VOICE WAS THAT OF PETE CROWDER, DOORMAN OF A SWANK APARTMENT BUILDING—DALGREN KNEW PETE VERY WELL—

BING DALGREN WAS IN BED AT 3 O'CLOCK A.M., OCTOBER 13, 1936, WHEN HIS PHONE RANG AND AWAKENED HIM—



PETE, YOU DIDN'T KILL THIS MAN, DID YOU? WHO IS HE? THERE ARE NO IDENTIFYING PAPERS—

I DIDN'T KILL HIM, MR. DALGREN—I ONLY KNEW HIM AS A TENANT—HIS NAME IS VALENTINE EDGAR—

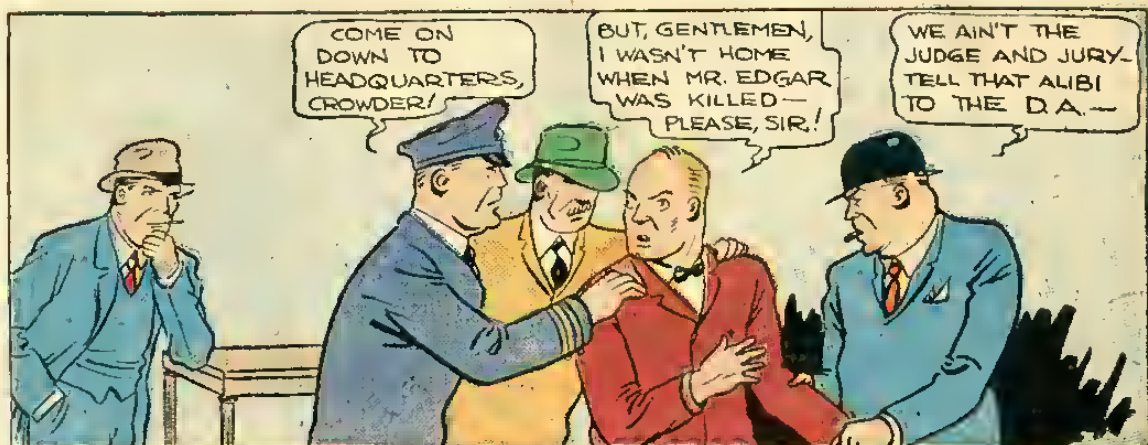


YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE TOUCHED THAT MURDER KNIFE—I'LL PHONE THE POLICE—NOW, BE HONEST WITH THEM, PETE—

I SWEAR, I DIDN'T KILL HIM, SIR—

THE FAMOUS REPORTER WENT TO THE BASEMENT APARTMENT AND SAW A MAN'S BODY ON THE FLOOR—HE HAD BEEN STABBED TO DEATH—PETE DIDN'T KNOW HOW THE VICTIM AND THE KILLER GOT IN WITHOUT A KEY—PETE HAD THE ONLY ONE—

PETE TOLD DALGREN THAT HE (PETE) PUT THE KNIFE IN A CLOSET—BING GRUFFLY INFORMED HIM THAT HE SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE KNIFE WHERE HE FOUND IT—PETE'S FINGERPRINTS ARE DOUBTLESS NOW ON IT—THIS WILL PUT HIM ON THE SPOT WITH THE POLICE—DALGREN EXAMINED THE BODY AND CALLED HEADQUARTERS—

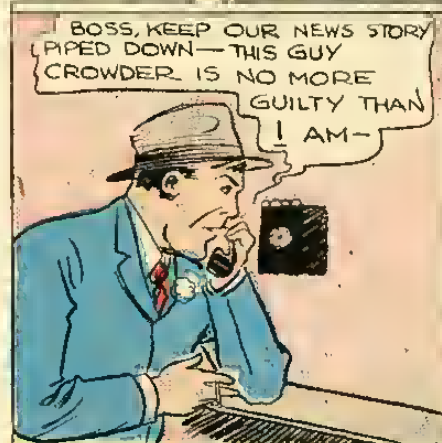


COME ON
DOWN TO
HEADQUARTERS,
CROWDER!

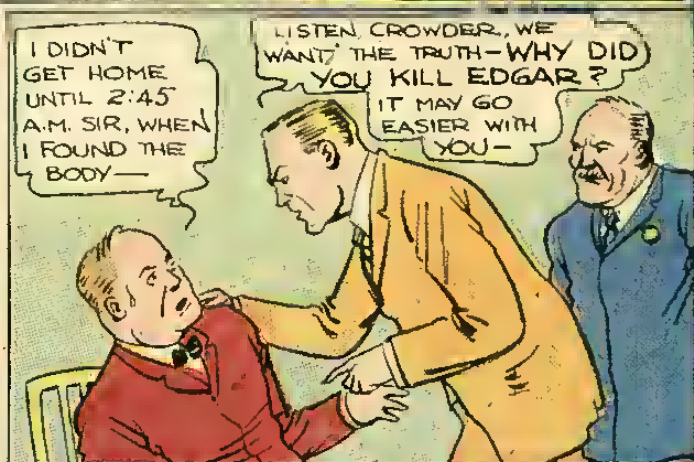
BUT, GENTLEMEN,
I WASN'T HOME
WHEN MR. EDGAR
WAS KILLED—
PLEASE, SIR!

WE AIN'T THE
JUDGE AND JURY—
TELL THAT ALIBI
TO THE D.A.—

THE POLICE AND DETECTIVES QUICKLY ARRIVED—PETE TRIED DESPERATELY TO EXPLAIN THAT HE WAS ABSENT WHEN THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED—THIS ALIBI DIDN'T IMPRESS THE OFFICERS AND HE WAS TAKEN TO HEADQUARTERS—



BOSS, KEEP OUR NEWS STORY
LIPED DOWN—THIS GUY
CROWDER IS NO MORE
GUILTY THAN
I AM—



I DIDN'T
GET HOME
UNTIL 2:45
A.M. SIR, WHEN
I FOUND THE
BODY—

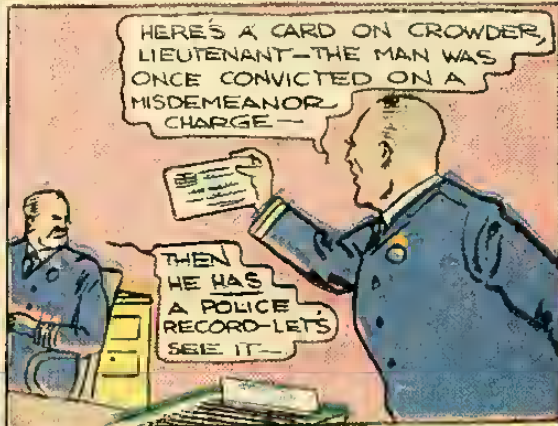
LISTEN, CROWDER, WE
WANT THE TRUTH—WHY DID
YOU KILL EDGAR?
IT MAY GO
EASIER WITH
YOU—

ALL VISIBLE SIGNS POINTED
TO THE DOORMAN'S GUILT—
EVERY PAPER EXCEPT THE
TIMES—NEWS, INFERRED
THAT PETE HAD MURDERED
VALENTINE EDGAR—DALGREN
PHONED HIS MANAGING EDITOR,
JOHN FEELEY—

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS THE OFFICERS AND
AN ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY REALLY WENT
TO WORK ON THE DOORMAN WHO SOUTLY INSISTED
THAT HE WAS INNOCENT—



MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN
WHY YOUR
FINGERPRINTS
ARE ON THIS
KNIFE—

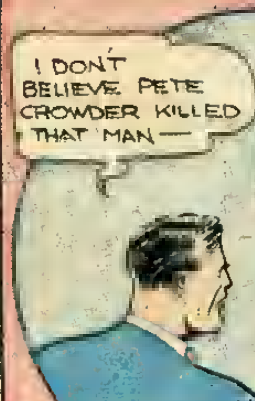


HERE'S A CARD ON CROWDER,
LIEUTENANT—THE MAN WAS
ONCE CONVICTED ON A
MISDEMEANOR
CHARGE—

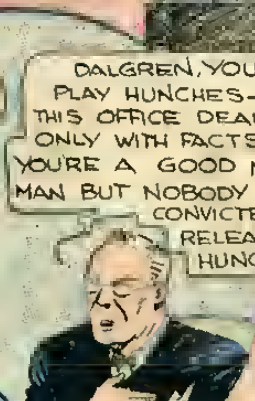
THEN
HE HAS
A POLICE
RECORD—LET'S
SEE IT—

BUT PETE'S FINGERPRINTS ARE ON THE
KNIFE HANDLE—HOW CAN HE ACCOUNT
FOR THAT?—AND SOMEBODY MUST
HAVE LET THE VICTIM IN—

A SEARCH OF THE POLICE RECORDS RE-
VEALED THAT PETE HAD ONCE SERVED
A BRIEF PRISON TERM 25 YEARS BEFORE
FOR A YOUTHFUL MISDEMEANOR—THIS
LOOKED BAD FOR THE DOORMAN—




I DON'T BELIEVE PETE CROWDER KILLED THAT MAN —




DALGREN, YOU PLAY HUNCHES— THIS OFFICE DEALS ONLY WITH FACTS— YOU'RE A GOOD NEWS MAN BUT NOBODY IS CONVICTED OR RELEASED ON HUNCHES—

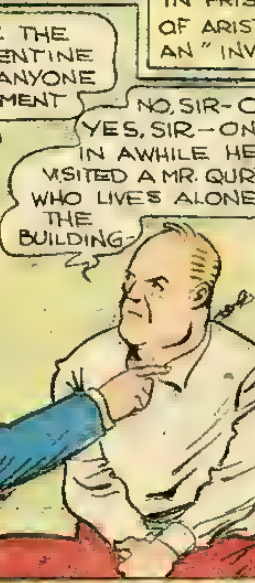
DALGREN WASN'T SATISFIED AND HE VISITED THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY—THE D.A. WAS A BIT SARCASTIC —




AT THE MORGUE VALENTINE EDGAR'S FINGERPRINTS INDICATED THAT HE HAD SERVED SEVERAL TERMS IN PRISON BEING CONVICTED AS A "SOCIETY SWINDLER" OF ARISTOCRATIC VICTIMS — HE HAD CALLED HIMSELF AN "INVESTMENT BROKER."




PETE, TELL ME THE TRUTH— DID VALENTINE EDGAR KNOW ANYONE IN YOUR APARTMENT BUILDING?



NO, SIR— OH, YES, SIR— ONCE IN AWHILE HE VISITED A MR. QURTIN WHO LIVES ALONE IN THE BUILDING—




I KNEW MR. EDGAR ONLY SLIGHTLY— I CAN'T IMAGINE WHO WOULD COMMIT SO GHASTLY A CRIME —




DID HE EVER TALK WITH YOU, MR. QURTIN?

DALGREN THEN CALLED ON PETE IN HIS CELL AND INSISTED ON THE TRUTH — DURING THIS CONVERSATION THE DOOR-MAN INNOCENTLY PROVIDED THE NOTED REPORTER WITH A HUNCH —

BING DECIDED TO INTERVIEW MR. QURTIN— HE LOCATED HIM IN AN ELABORATE SUITE ON THE SIXTH FLOOR OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING, THE BUILDING IN WHICH EDGAR HAD LIVED AND WHERE THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED — MR. QURTIN WAS A QUIET, RETIRING MAN WHO SAID HE KNEW THE VICTIM ONLY CASUALLY— HE COULDN'T EXPLAIN THE MYSTERY —

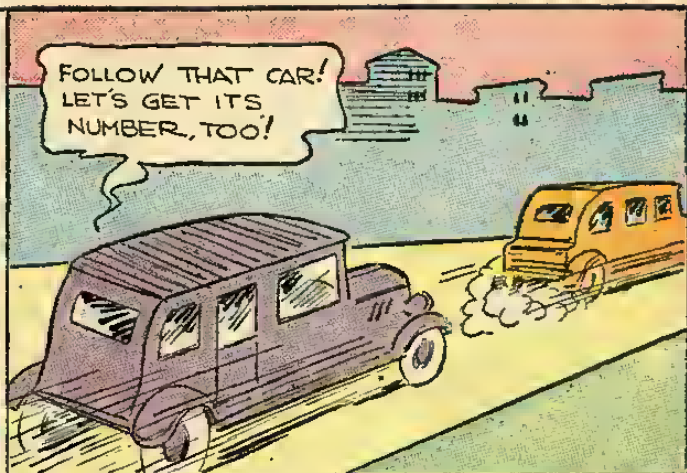


CHIEF, WE'RE GOING TO SPRING A SWEET STORY AND BEAT THE TOWN— I'VE NAILED EDGAR'S KILLER—



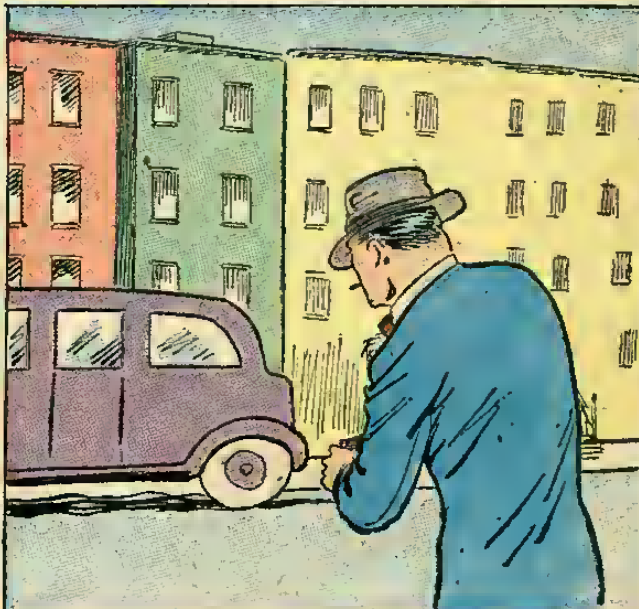
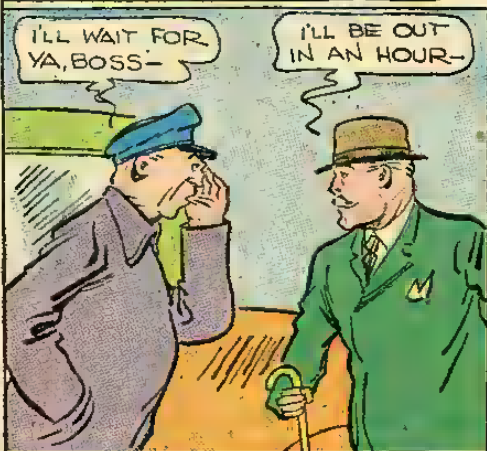
BING, YOU'RE GOING TO NAIL YOURSELF ONE OF THESE DAYS— AND THAT WILL COST THIS PAPER MONEY —

DALGREN WENT INTO IMMEDIATE CONFERENCE WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR —



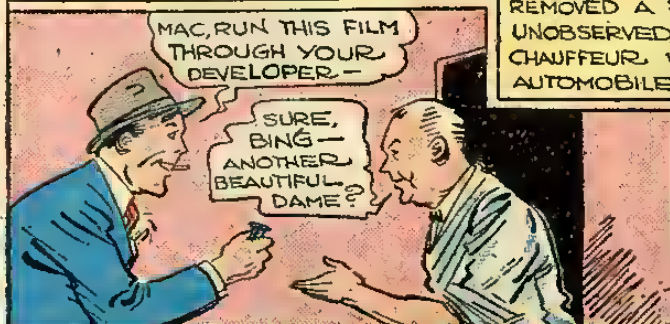
DALGREN MADE UP HIS MIND TO "TAIL" MR. QURTIN--HE LEARNED THE TIME WHEN THIS MAN LEFT IN HIS CAR FOR BUSINESS--SO THIS MORNING BING WAS SEATED IN A TAXI A HUNDRED FEET AWAY FROM THE APT BUILDING--

AT 10:00 AM. A CAR WITH A CHAUFFEUR PULLED UP AND STOPPED BEFORE THE BUILDING AND MR. QURTIN ENTERED HIS AUTOMOBILE--QUICKLY THE CAR DROVE AWAY WITH DALGREN FOLLOWING IN HIS CAB--BING NOTED THAT THE CHAUFFEUR WAS A TOUGH-LOOKING CUSTOMER--



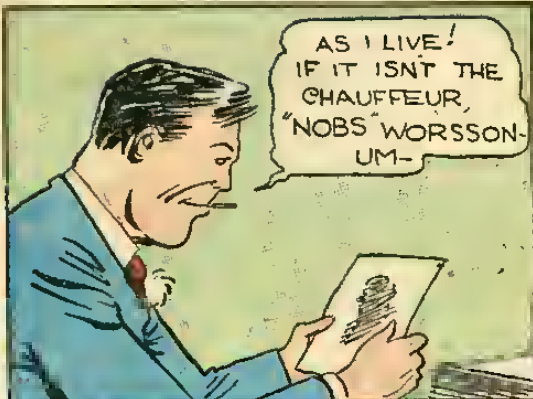
MR. QURTIN'S CAR, SPED UPTOWN, TURNED EAST AND STOPPED IN FRONT OF AN OLD BROWNSTONE HOUSE WHERE QURTIN GOT OUT, LEAVING HIS CAR AND CHAUFFEUR WAITING--

BING LEFT HIS CAB AND CROSSING THE STREET, REMOVED A SMALL CAMERA FROM HIS POCKET--UNOBSERVED, HE SNAPPED A PICTURE OF THE CHAUFFEUR, WHO WAS STANDING BESIDE THE AUTOMOBILE--

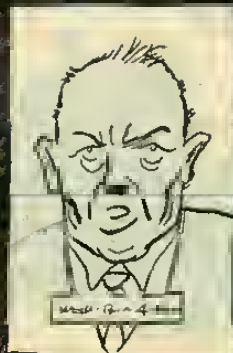
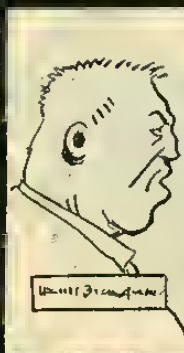


HAVING NOTED THE ADDRESS OF THE HOUSE MR. QURTIN ENTERED, THE FAMOUS REPORTER, HASTENED TO THE PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT OF THE TIMES-NEWS TO HAVE HIS FILM DEVELOPED--

THE CAMERA MAN IN THE PHOTO DEPT REMARKED ON THE TOUGH FACE OF THE CHAUFFEUR--



AFTER CAREFULLY STUDYING THE PICTURE OF THE CHAUFFEUR DALGREN VISITED THE ROGUES' GALLERY AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS—HE HAD MEMORIZED THE MAN'S FEATURES AND IN A BRIEF TIME LOCATED THE SAME FACE IN THE POLICE FILES—



THE CHAUFFEUR HAD A LONG POLICE RECORD WITH THREE CONVICTIONS FOR ROBBERY AND ASSAULT—STILL THIS DIDN'T CONSTITUTE EVIDENCE THAT MR. QURTIN OR HIS CHAUFFEUR WERE INVOLVED IN THE KILLING OF EDGAR—



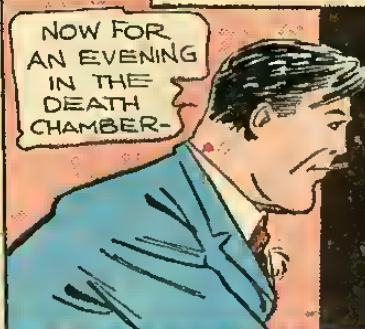
BING THEN VISITED A LARGE STATE PRISON AND CHECKED UP ON ITS INMATES DURING THE PAST 25 YEARS—THIS INVESTIGATION REVEALED THAT SHORTLY AFTER PETE CROWDER HAD BEEN RELEASED (JUST A SHORT "RAP") A VALENTINE EDGAR SERVED A TERM THERE—ALSO A CY QURTIN—AND INCIDENTALLY, THE CHAUFFEUR, "NOBS" WORSSON—



THIS WAS MORE THAN A MERE COINCIDENCE—STILL IT DIDN'T ACTUALLY PROVE ANYTHING—BUT THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE ODD—DALGREN DETERMINED TO SET A TRAP AND HE WROTE A NOTE TO MR. QURTIN WHICH HE PLACED IN THAT GENTLEMAN'S MAIL BOX IN THE APARTMENT BUILDING—

Dear Qurtin—You and me was up the river together. I got enough to bury you. meet me in Pete Crowders basement to-might at 11 if you want to straiten this matter out—yours Slim

ABOVE IS A COPY OF THAT NOTE—



THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BUILDING, WHO KNEW DALGREN, GAVE BING A PASS-KEY TO THE BASEMENT ROOMS AND THAT NIGHT THE REPORTER ENTERED THEM—



DROP THAT GUN, QURTIN, AND TELL ME HOW YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A KEY TO THIS APARTMENT— AND A PISTOL—

WHY I— I—ER—

AT 11 P.M. A KEY WAS INSERTED IN A DOORLOCK AND CYRUS QURTIN WALKED IN—HE HAD A PISTOL IN HIS HAND— SO DID BING DALGREN—



I'M A RESPECTABLE MAN—YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



HELLO, CHIEF—THIS IS DALGREN—I THINK I HAVE A VERY INTERESTING GENTLEMAN WITH ME— SEND UP SOME REPORTERS AND A COUPLE OF CAMERAS—

DALGREN, HOLDING THE PISTOL AT QURTIN, PHONED THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE TO SEND REPORTERS AND CAMERAMEN TO THE SCENE—TEN MINUTES LATER HE NOTIFIED THE POLICE—REPORTERS AND POLICE REACHED THE BASEMENT AT THE SAME TIME— QURTIN WAS ARRESTED—



LOOK AT THIS "SUCKER" LIST, BOYS—

LET'S SEE IT, BING—

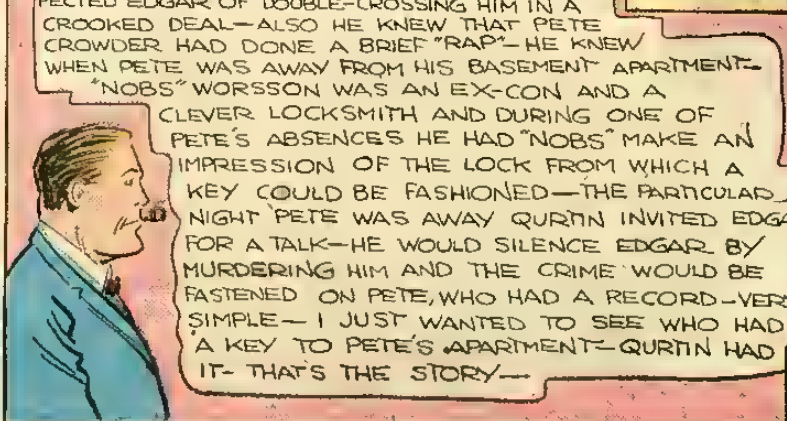
DALGREN THEN INFORMED THE POLICE OF THE LOCATION OF THE BROWNSTONE HOUSE WHERE HE'D SEEN QURTIN ENTER—ONE ROOM IN IT CONTAINED FILES OF NAMES OF WELL-TO-DO PEOPLE WHO MIGHT BE VICTIMIZED—



ALLRIGHT— I DID IT— I DID IT!

O K—COME CLEAN WITH US!

UNDER A MERCILESS "THIRD DEGREE" QURTIN ADMITTED THAT HE WAS A CROOK AND HAD KILLED HIS PAL, VALENTINE EDGAR—HE WAS CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER—PETE CROWDER WAS, OF COURSE, RELEASED—



QURTIN WAS A SLICK WORKER—HE AND EDGAR WERE IN CAHOOTS, HAVING SPENT A "STRETCH" IN THE PEN TOGETHER—QURTIN SUSPECTED EDGAR OF DOUBLE-CROSSING HIM IN A CROOKED DEAL—ALSO HE KNEW THAT PETE CROWDER HAD DONE A BRIEF "RAP"—HE KNEW WHEN PETE WAS AWAY FROM HIS BASEMENT APARTMENT— "NOBS" WORSSON WAS AN EX-CON AND A CLEVER LOCKSMITH AND DURING ONE OF PETE'S ABSENCES HE HAD "NOBS" MAKE AN IMPRESSION OF THE LOCK FROM WHICH A KEY COULD BE FASHIONED—THE PARTICULAR NIGHT PETE WAS AWAY QURTIN INVITED EDGAR FOR A TALK—HE WOULD SILENCE EDGAR BY MURDERING HIM AND THE CRIME WOULD BE FASTENED ON PETE, WHO HAD A RECORD—VERY SIMPLE— I JUST WANTED TO SEE WHO HAD A KEY TO PETE'S APARTMENT—QURTIN HAD IT— THAT'S THE STORY—

ONE NIGHT BING TOLD US THE STORY OF HIS "SCOOP"—

ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS APPEARING IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

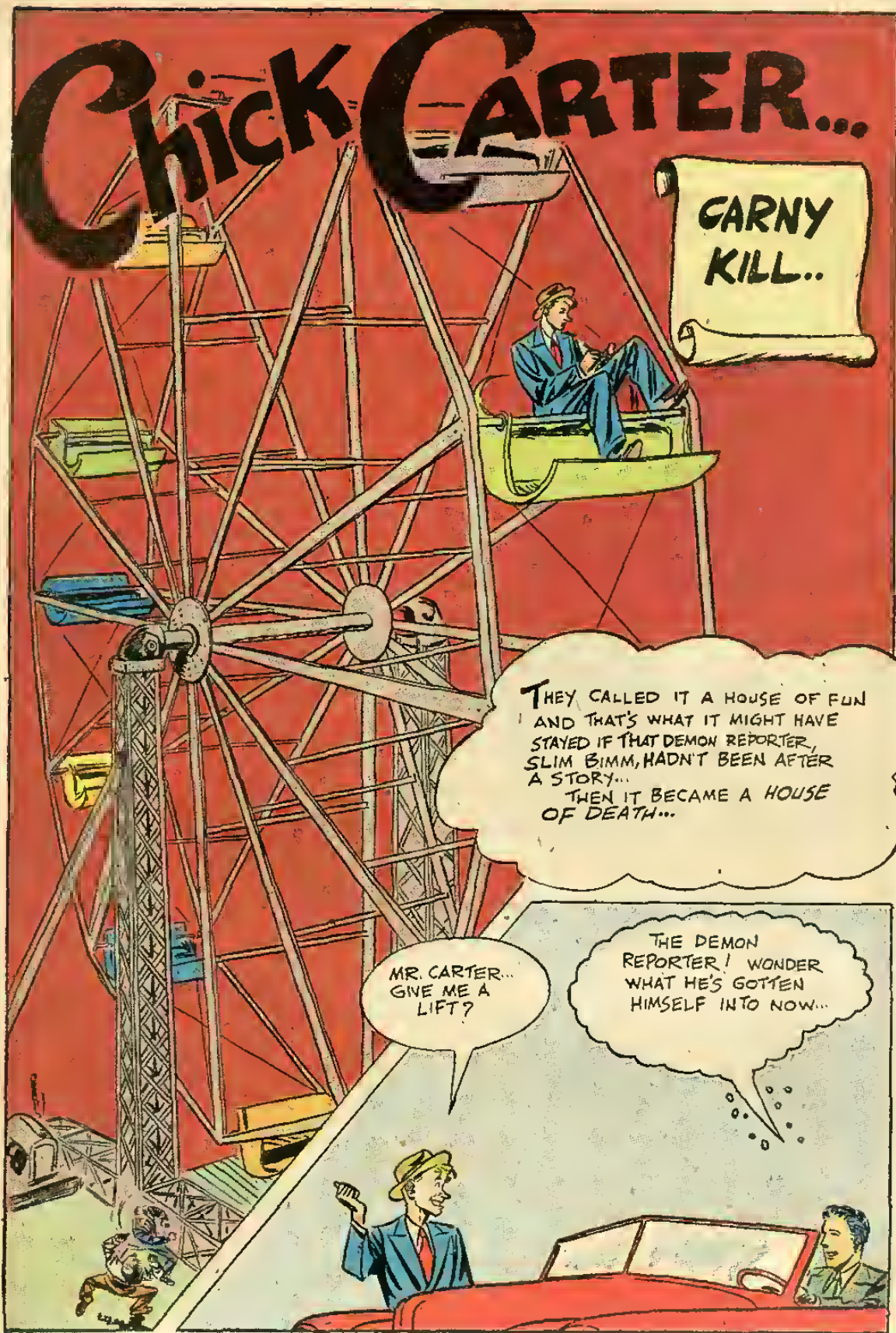
Chick Carter...

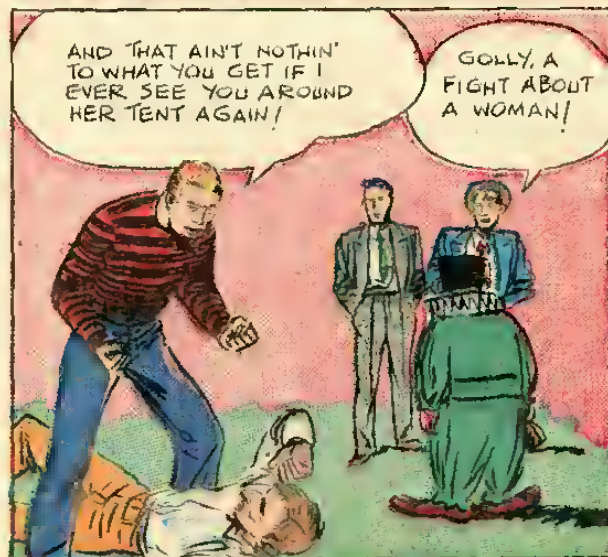
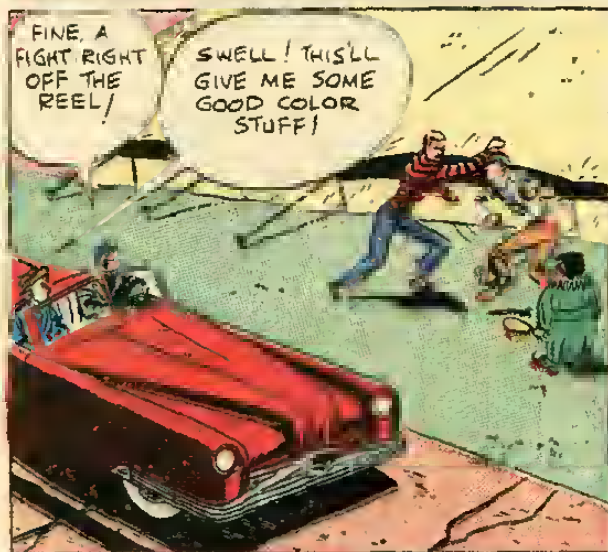
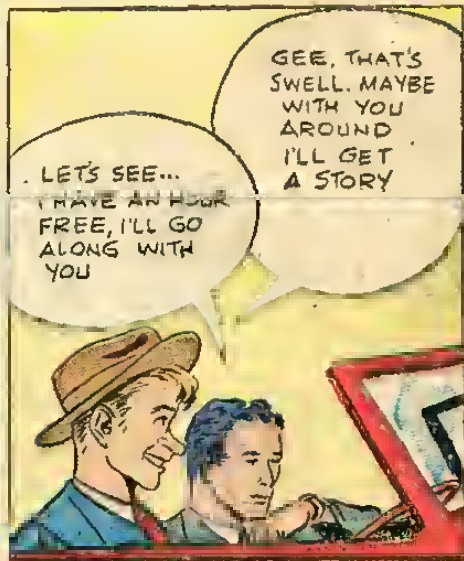
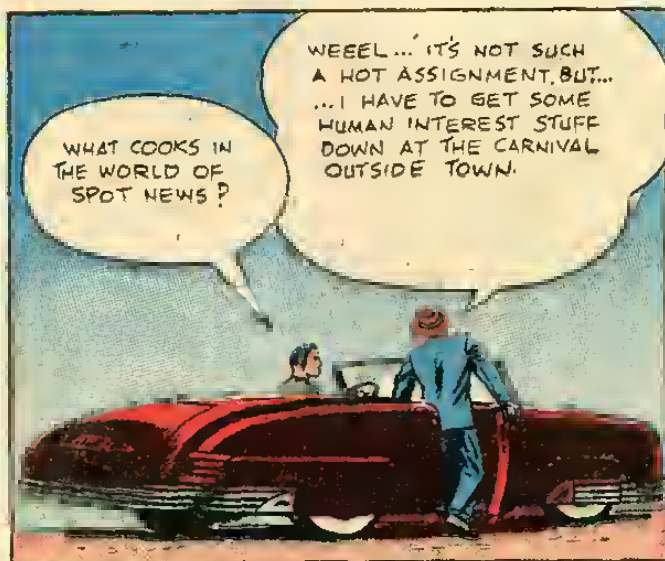
CARNY
KILL...

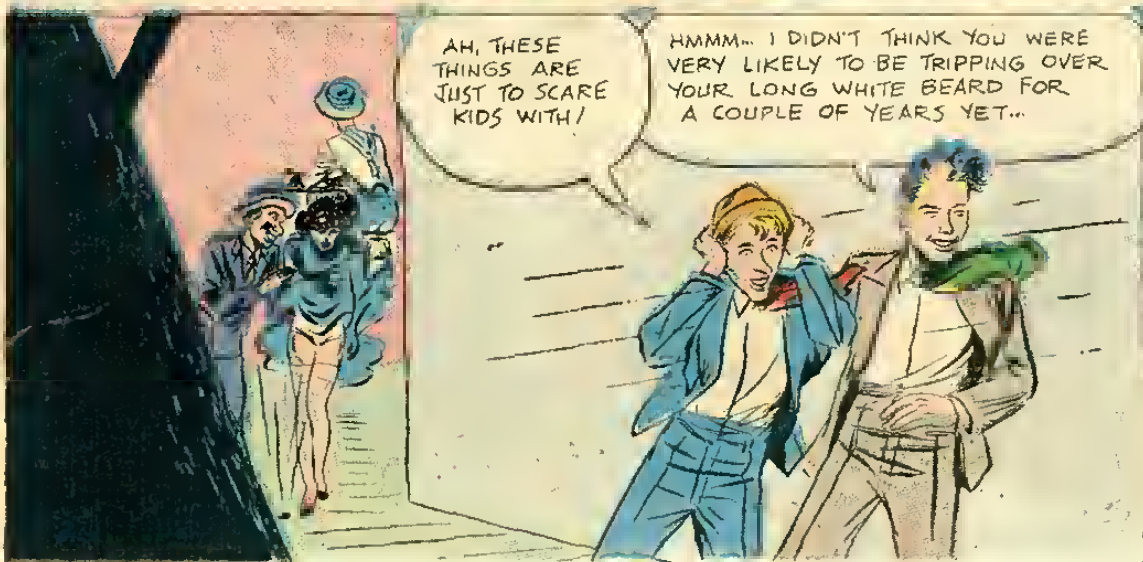
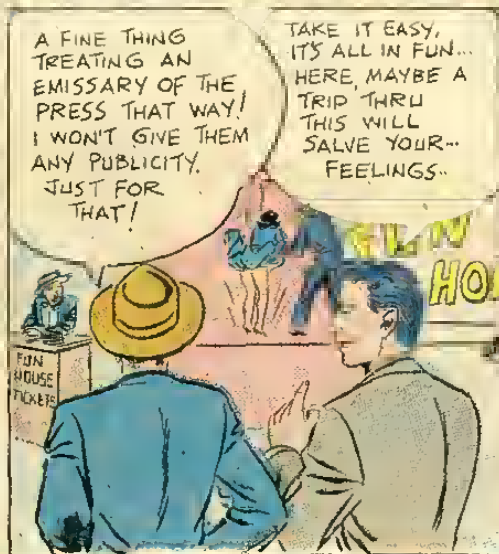
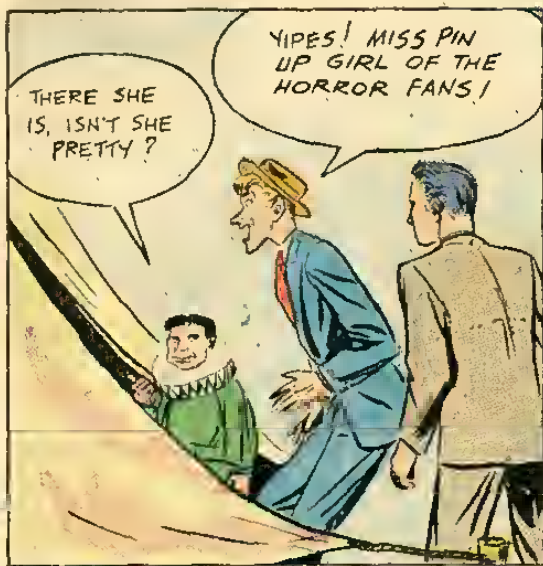
THEY CALLED IT A HOUSE OF FUN
AND THAT'S WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE
STAYED IF THAT DEMON REPORTER,
SLIM BIMM, HADN'T BEEN AFTER
A STORY...
THEN IT BECAME A HOUSE
OF DEATH...

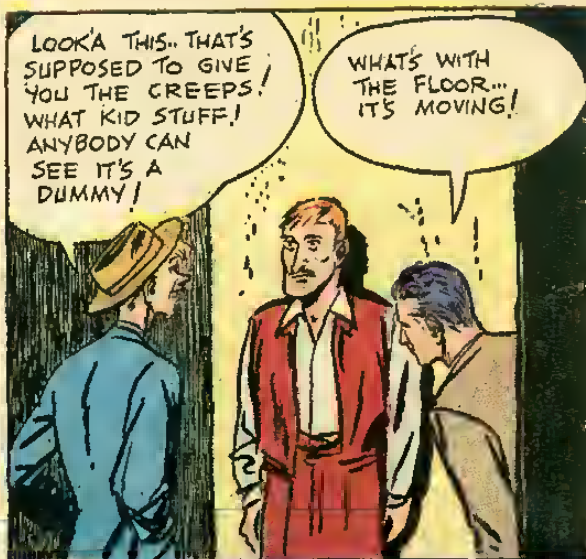
MR. CARTER...
GIVE ME A
LIFT?

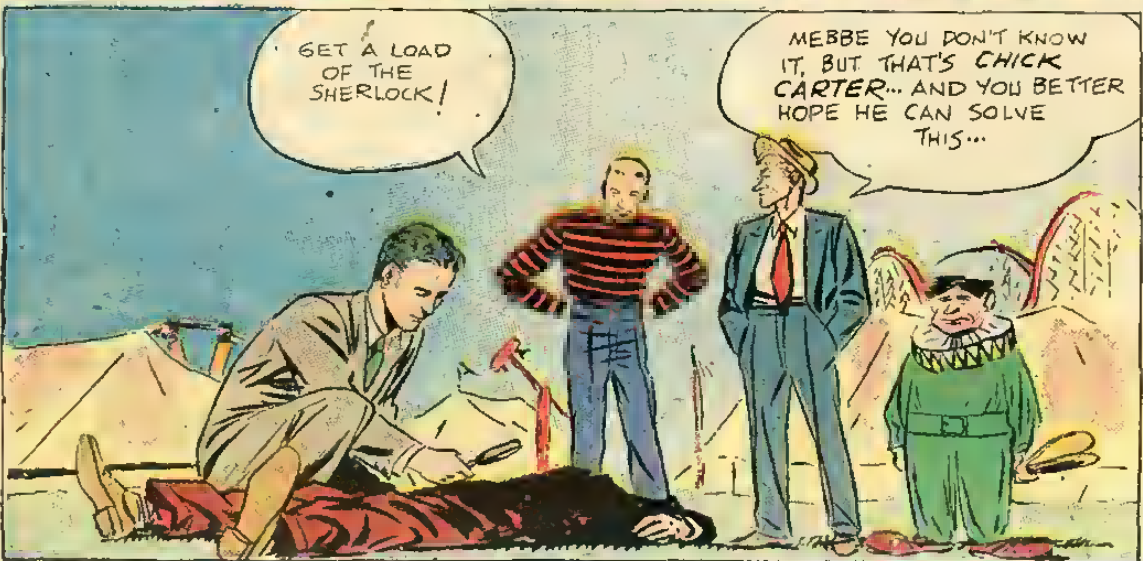
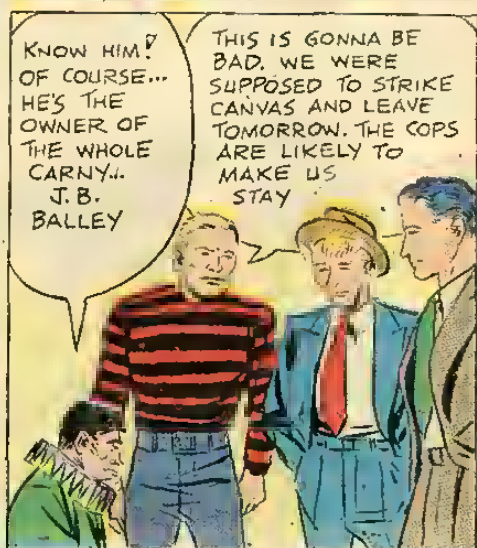
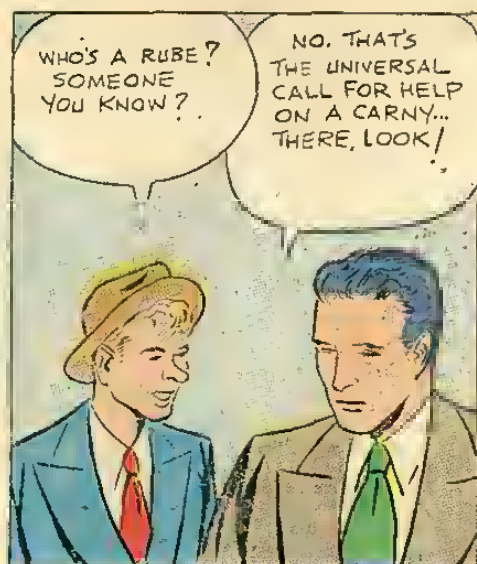
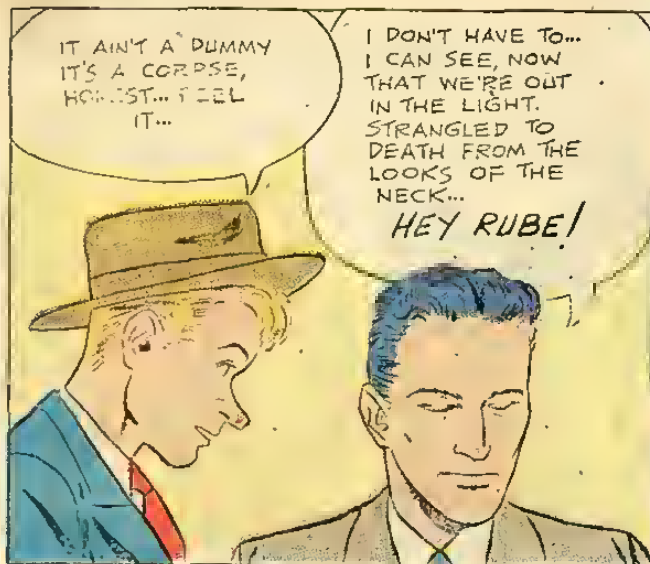
THE DEMON
REPORTER! WONDER
WHAT HE'S GOTTEN
HIMSELF INTO NOW...

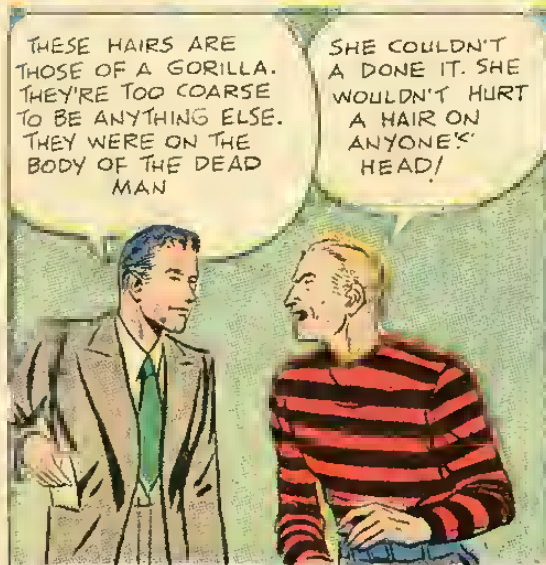
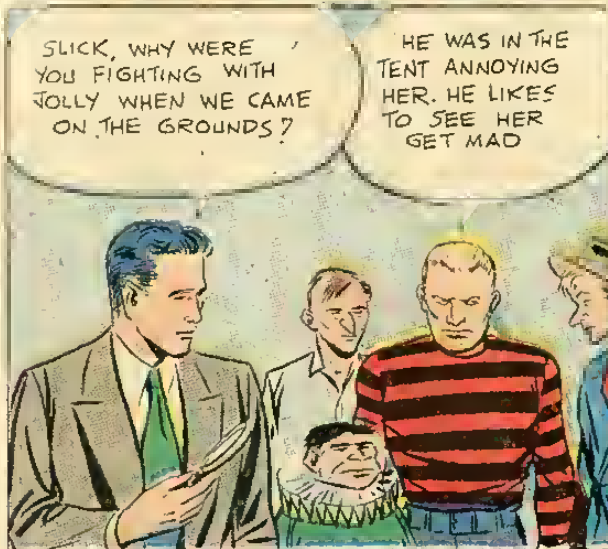
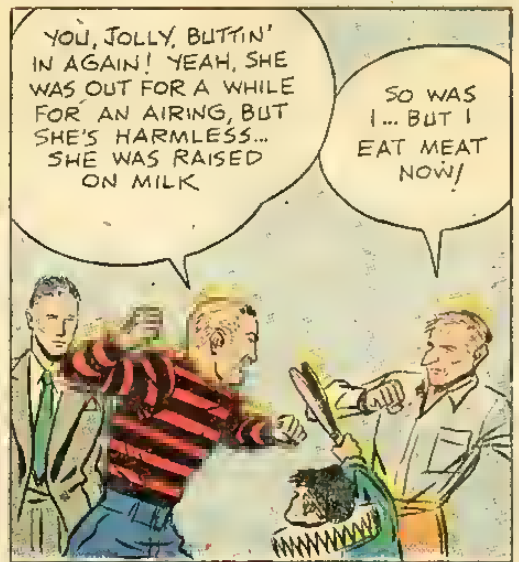
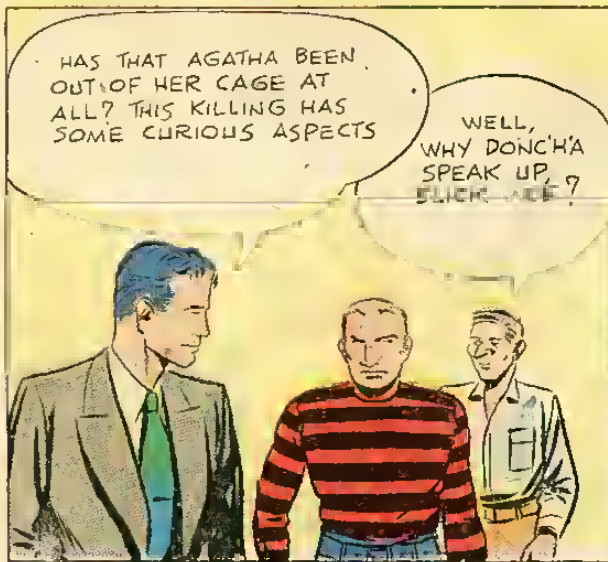


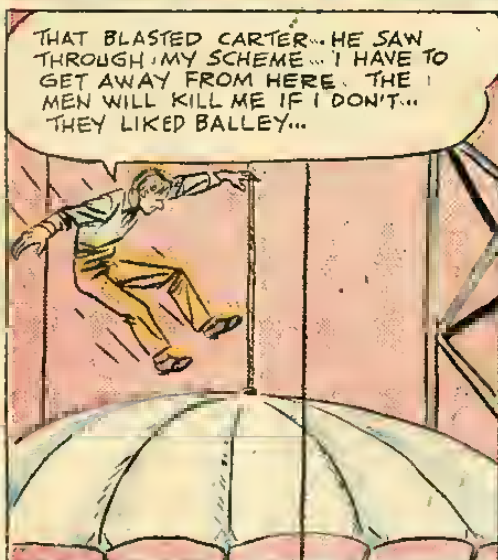
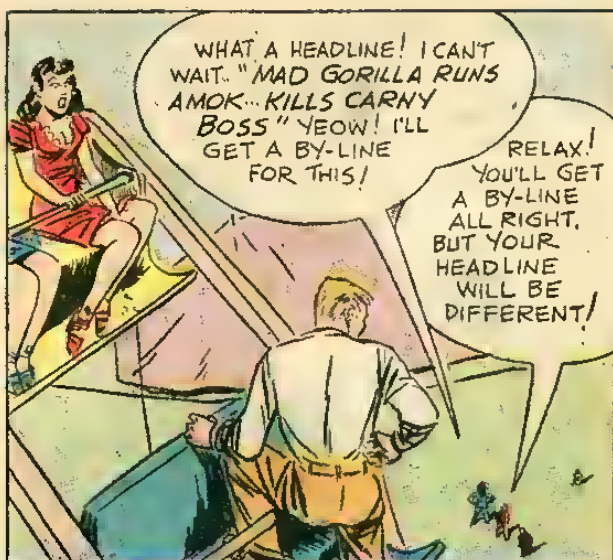
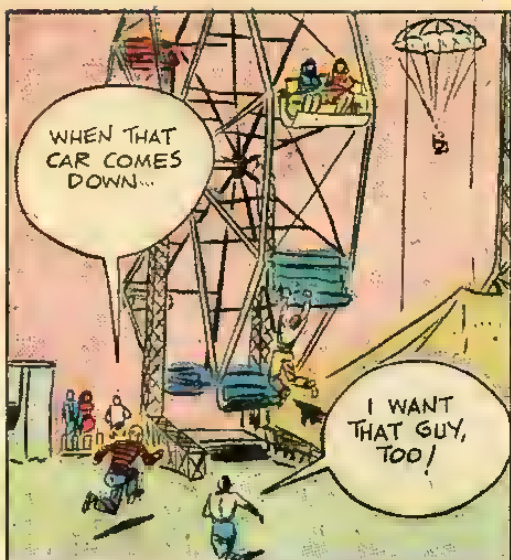


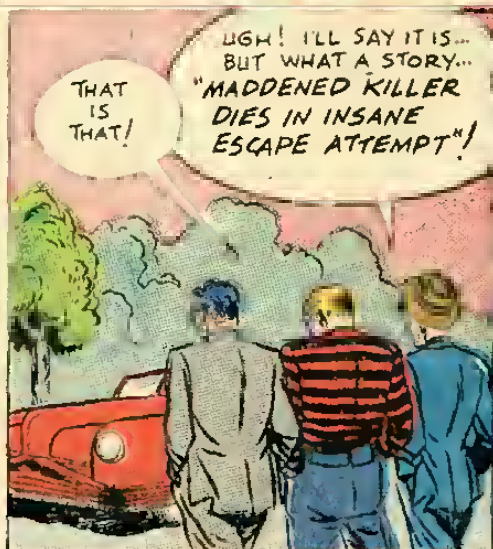
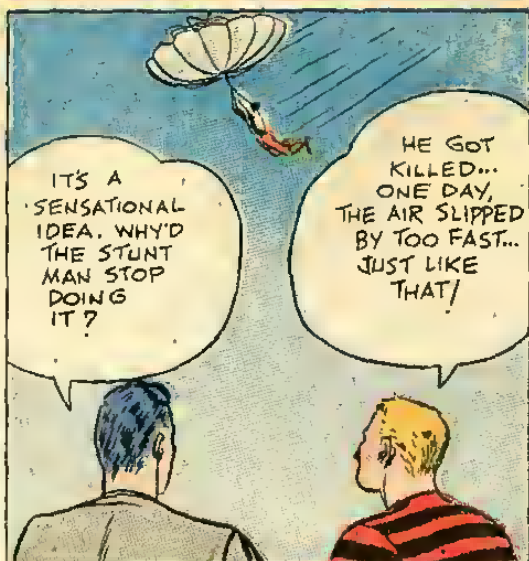
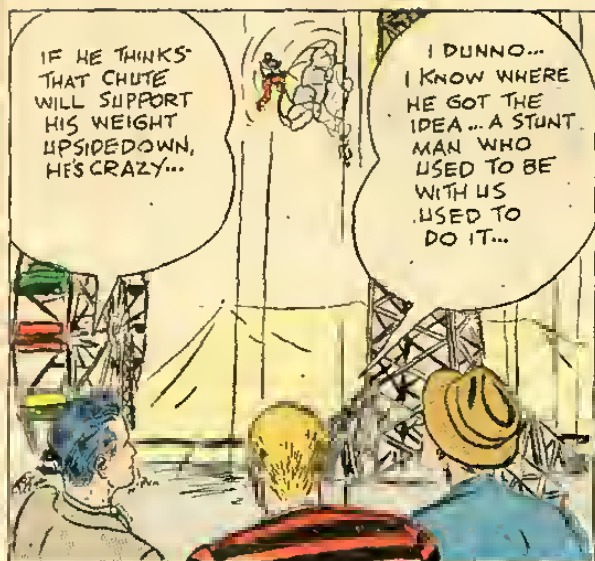












Inner Circle



THE ICY BREATH OF DEATH.....

I WAS a little annoyed one day at the butcher. I had just finished asking him for a steak and he had snarled that I'd take chopmeat and like it, when a woman next to me picked up her bag of meat. The bottom of it came out and the meat fell on the floor. It was a huge steak.

"I looked down at it as the woman hurriedly stuffed it back in the sack. Then I looked at the butcher. He glared at me. I said 'How come?'"

"'You want steak you pay like the lady does.' Chick, who was telling his experiences to the Inner Circle, nodded. He came back in a minute with a bag. He handed me the bag and said 'Two bucks.' I hefted the bag in my hand; it couldn't have weighed more than a pound. But I had asked for it so I paid him the money and left.

"I was really mad. The ceiling price was fifty-eight cents a pound. This was the blackest kind of black market. We ate the steak that night and I told Nick about it. He was as annoyed as I was. We decided to do a little snooping around. The retail butcher wasn't important . . . it was the wholesaler who was supplying him who was important."

FREEZE OUT

"It didn't take long," Nick took up the story, "for me to put some feelers out. I found out that the butcher was being supplied by the XYZ Wholesalers. Chick and I went moseying along down there. Just incidentally, and at the time, I thought it was a completely different case, I was being harassed by the police about a gang of jewel thieves who were running wild. The police hadn't been able to get the slightest lead on the matter.

"We walked around the packing house. We couldn't know it at the time, but there were beady eyes watching our every

move. Joe Gens the owner of the packing house had noticed our interest in the place and was following us as we meandered along.

"I went over to one of the workmen and asked about where to find the boss. He gestured with a meat hook. Chick said he wanted to keep on poking his nose into things, so I went on ahead to interview the boss. He was in a fancy office. Of course, he'd seen where I was going and must have just gotten into the office before me." Nick turned to Chick. "You take over."

"While Nick," said Chick, "was chit-chatting with the owner of the place, I walked along, watching as the huge sides of beef were swung along on the trolleys. They rode right into the giant ice boxes.

"It was so blasted hot that it was a relief to stand near the door of the ice box as it swung open and just bask in the cool air that came out." Chick paused. "That's all, brother. One second I was looking into the box . . . the next . . . I was opening my eyes painfully. I shook my head and was sorry I had for it felt as if it were going to roll right off. I'd been slugged and no two ways about it. I realized slowly that for the first time that day I wasn't hot.

"I was cold, bitterly cold and getting colder all the time! I looked around. I was tied hand and foot and had been thrown like a hunk of meat right onto the top of a pile of beef. I was in the ice box. It was a huge place and a desperately cold one. I looked up. The one window into the place was higher than my head.

"It was hard, but I managed to get to my feet and stagger around a bit. I had to in order to keep from freezing. I knew that tied as I was, it wouldn't be too long before I was as stiff and as cold as the meat around me.

"The place was completely sound proof. There was no point in my yelling, for no one would have been able to hear me. As luck would have it, and it was luck, I decided to try and take a look through the window which was thinly coated with frost. I leaped as high as I could and managed to just barely make out the sight of Nick standing about ten feet away from me, talking to Gens, the owner of the place.

"Ten feet away and for all the good it did he might as well have been five thousand miles away. All I could see in that brief glimpse was that Nick was looking at the ice box. He couldn't see me I was sure of that and even if he did see a man's form through the window, he wouldn't think anything of it . . . why should he? He'd take for granted that it was a workman."

Chick nodded to Nick to take over the story.

"I get the horrors," said Nick, "when I think of how close Chick came to being frozen to death . . ."

"ON ICE"

Nick had a drink of water before he went on. The members of the Inner Circle were entranced. They didn't say a word, but waited with baited breath till Nick continued, for, if Chick was in a sound proof box, how could he signal his plight?

"Talking to Gens as I was, I almost missed it completely. For, I was just barely conscious of seeing a hand framed in the misted window. The hand was holding a ham. I seemed to sense that there were two hands, but very close together so that it might just have been a man with a huge hand. The ham vanished as I went on making light chatter with Gens. Then, framed in the window again, I saw the hand or hands holding up some entrails. That vanished and next, waving desperately I saw the hands holding up a loin of pork. That was followed by what I thought were some pork chops. I stopped, watching then and walked away still talking.

"S.O.S."

"It didn't penetrate till I began to wonder about where Chick was; I didn't even realize

that I'd seen a plea for help spelled out. I was at the door with Gens being over-polite when it finally seeped through my skull. I turned on Gens, pulled a gun, at the sight of which he turned white. I said something about what I'd do to him if there was the slightest sign of anything out of the way."

"All this time," Chick interjected, "I was trying to move around as much as I could, trying to hope that Nick had seen the things I held up and having seen them, figured out what I had to say. Because of the sound proofing, I didn't even know rescue was at hand till the door swung open and I saw this big lug's face looking in at me!"

Chick grinned at his adopted father. Nick said, "Chick, even though he was trussed like fowl ready for roasting, was all in one piece which was all I'd hoped for. All the steam was out of Gens. Some of his men were gathered around with their meat hooks held threateningly. I took care of that by shoving the gun even further into his fat belly. He squawked and told the men to hold it. He untied Chick and admitted that he was licked. Up till this point I couldn't help wondering why he was desperate enough to do what he had caused an underling to do to Chick, after all the penalties for black marketing aren't that tough!"

"But, Chick; once his hands were untied picked up a ham and, grinning, shook it! A stream of jewels fell out of a pocket cut in the ham. Chick said that he'd noticed the pocket when he held the ham up.

"Not only were they black marketeers, but this was the headquarters and distributing point for the jewel thieves. What better way to send hot gems than in a hunk of meat?"

"That really cleaned things up," said Chick, as he and his foster father prepared to leave. Chick smiled as he saw that Sue and Beef were whispering to each other. Beef finally spluttered; "But . . . how did Nick know you were there because of the meat you held up?"

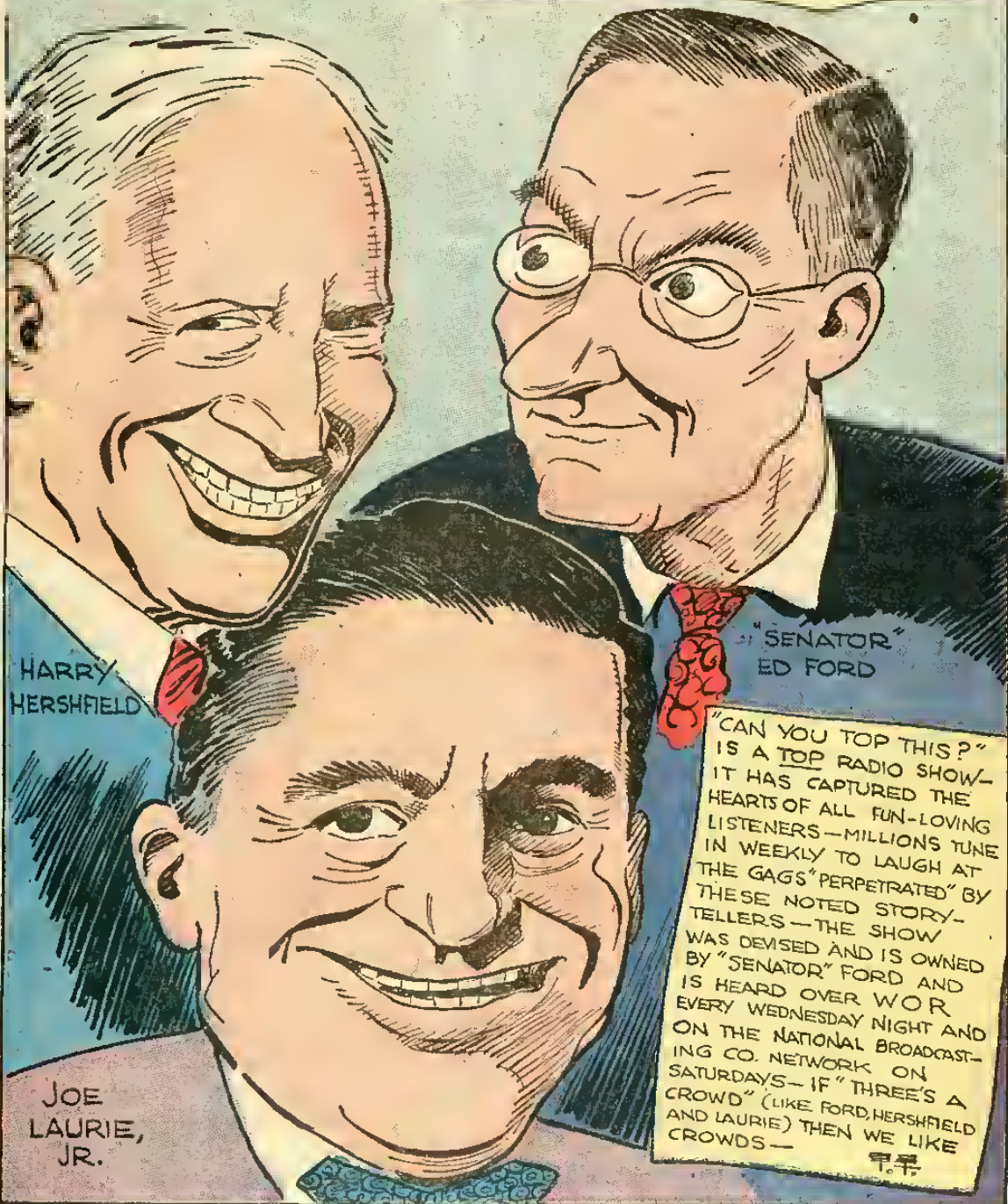
Pausing at the door on their way out, Chick said, "Simple. I held up a ham, some entrails, loin of pork, and some pork chops . . ."

Nick said, "He spelled out help! And I almost missed it!"

62 CAN YOU TOP THIS?



A SUCCESS STORY OF THREE
PALS OF MINE, "SENATOR" ED FORD,
HARRY HERSHFIELD AND JOE LAURIE, JR.
GAGS BY THE TRIO—
STORY AND PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER



HARRY
HERSHFIELD

"SENATOR"
ED FORD

JOE
LAURIE,
JR.

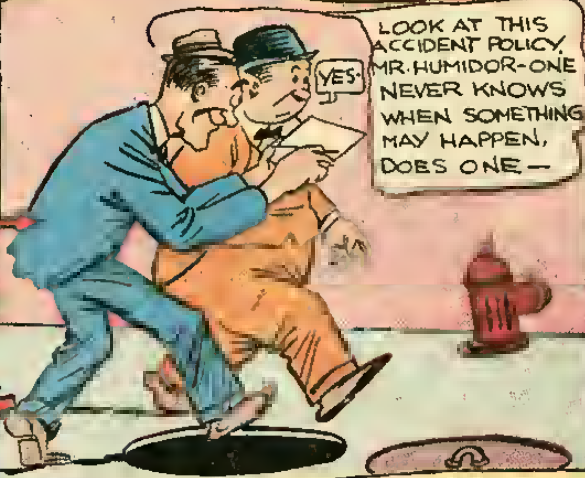
"CAN YOU TOP THIS?"
IS A TOP RADIO SHOW—
IT HAS CAPTURED THE
HEARTS OF ALL FUN-LOVING
LISTENERS—MILLIONS TUNE
IN WEEKLY TO LAUGH AT
THE GAGS "PERPETRATED" BY
THESE NOTED STORY-
TELLERS—THE SHOW
WAS DEVISED AND IS OWNED
BY "SENATOR" FORD AND
IS HEARD OVER WOR
EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT AND
ON THE NATIONAL BROADCAST-
ING CO. NETWORK ON
SATURDAYS—IF "THREE'S A
CROWD" (LIKE FORD, HERSHFIELD
AND LAURIE) THEN WE LIKE
CROWDS—

TH

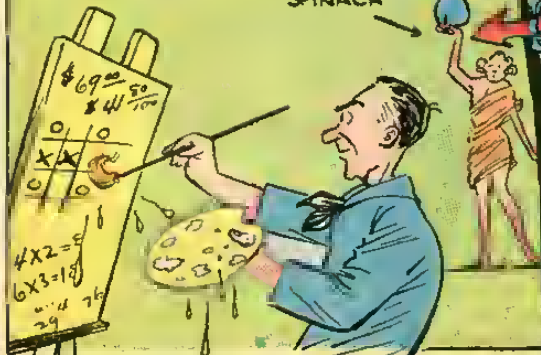
TINY TOT'S
BOOK OF MOTHER
GOOSE JOKES



"SENATOR" FORD (EDWARD H. FORD TO HIS FAMILY) WAS BORN IN BROOKLYN, N.Y. EXACTLY 0X10021 YEARS AGO — A TREE HAD ALREADY GROWN IN BROOKLYN AND HE WANTED TO SIT UNDER IT AND WATCH THE BROOKLYN DODGERS STOP BASEBALLS WITH THEIR HEADS—IT WAS KNOWN AS PLAYING A "HEADY" GAME —

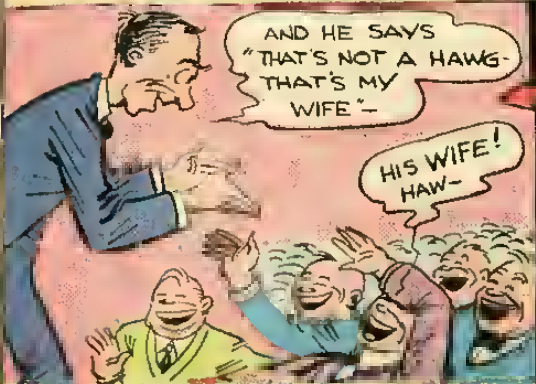
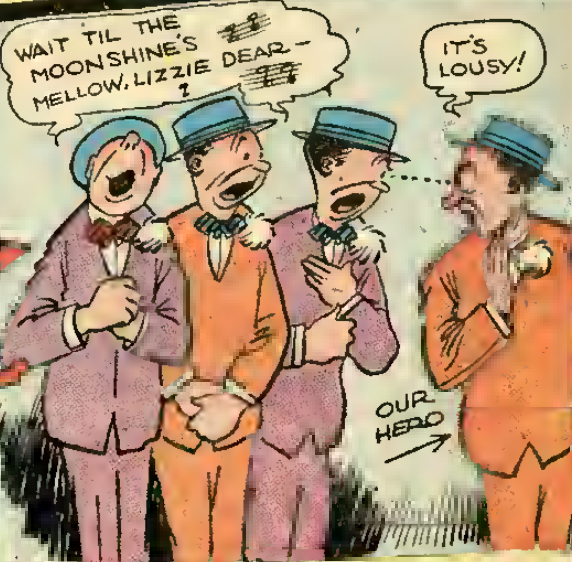


MISS
AMERICAN
SPINACH



ED WENT ALL THE WAY THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL—IN ONE DAY—HE WAS INVITED TO STAY THERE FOR SEVERAL YEARS, WHICH HE DID—FOLLOWING THAT HE GOT A JOB IN AN ANTIQUE STORE (LOOKING FOR OLD JOKES)—THEN A JOB IN A MACHINE SHOP—HE BECAME A PHOTOGRAPHER, SOLD INSURANCE AND WORKED IN A BROKERS OFFICE —

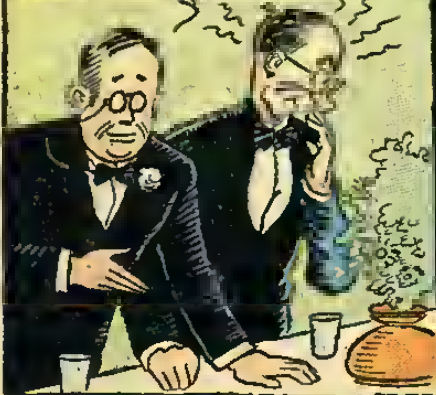
FINALLY HE DECIDED TO GET INTO THE ART GAME—SHORT HOURS, BIG PAY AND BE HIS OWN BOSS—IT WAS EASIER THAN WORKING—SO HE ATTENDED THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS FOR A FEW MONTHS—HE LEFT THERE AND BECAME A COMMERCIAL ILLUSTRATOR—THUS HE STARTED TO DRAW ON HIS IMAGINATION —



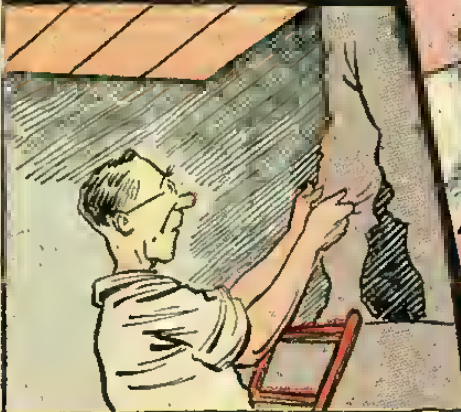
ABOUT THIS TIME HE JOINED A COAL-BOX QUARTET BUT HE HAD THREE AGAINST HIM AND ED QUIT—SO HE DID A CARTOON ACT IN CLUBS (OR SPADES)—BUT TO MAKE A LIVING HE CONTINUED WITH HIS COMMERCIAL ILLUSTRATING —

LATER HE DID A TALKING ACT—GAGS, STORIES AND ANECDOTES—AND HE GOT PAID FOR IT —

THIS MAN IS A SUBSTITUTE—
I DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD HE
IS, BUT TIME WAS SHORT AND
WE HAD TO TAKE WHAT WE
COULD GET—I INTRODUCE YOU
TO SENATOR FORD—



IT WASN'T TOO LONG BEFORE ED
BECAME A TOP-FLIGHT AFTER-
DINNER SPEAKER—HOW HE
BECAME KNOWN AS "SENATOR"
FORD IS INTERESTING—ONE
JOB WAS SPEAKING AT THE
REPUBLICAN CLUB IN NEW YORK—
WARREN G. HARDING, THEN A
U.S. SENATOR, SPOKE AHEAD OF
FORD—THEN THE TOASTMASTER
INTRODUCED ED AS ABOVE—THE
"SENATOR" TITLE STUCK—



IN THE WORLD OF ART ED FORD
ASSISTED THE NOTED DWIGHT FRANKLIN
ON THE MUCH-TALKED-OF GROUPS "SOUTH
STREET" AND "INAUGURATION OF
WASHINGTON" WHICH ARE ON EXHIBITION
AT THE NEW YORK MUSEUM—
ANOTHER OF HIS DISTINGUISHED
SCULPTURES IS THAT OF JOHN MCGRAW,
LATE MANAGER OF THE GIANTS, WHICH
NOW OCCUPIES A PROMINENT SPOT
AT THE COOPERSTOWN (N.Y.) BASEBALL
MUSEUM—

WAIT FOR THE
SOUND EFFECT—
THEN I'LL GIVE
YOU THE CUE—

AND SO
FAREWELL, MY
LITTLE BUMBLE-
BEE—

MY LOVE IS
LIKE A RED,
RED TOMATO—



ED THEN WENT INTO VAUDEVILLE, PLAYING ALL THE
BIG TIME THEATERS, EAST AND WEST, FOR ABOUT
SIX YEARS—FOLLOWING THAT HE WENT INTO RADIO—
HE WROTE, CAST, DIRECTED AND PLAYED IN A
DOMESTIC COMEDY CALLED "THE GRUMMITS" WHICH
RAN FOR FIFTY WEEKS—HE MADE THE
FIRST TALKIE SHORTS FOR WARNER BROTHERS—
HE PLAYED THE RAINBOW ROOM ON TOP OF
RADIO CITY—TWICE FOR A RUN OF SIX AND
SEVEN WEEKS—

GEORGIE, THIS IS A BAT—
YOU HIT THE BALL WITH IT—
WHICH REMINDS ME OF A
STORY—IT
SEEMS THAT—



HIS HOME IS AT SOUTHOLD, LONG ISLAND—HE
ONCE MANAGED THE SOUTHOLD HIGH SCHOOL TEAM—
THEY WON A PENNANT—HE ALSO MANAGED THE
SOUTHOLD TEAM IN THE EAST LONG ISLAND LEAGUE
AND THEY, TOO, WON A PENNANT—

RADIO
VICE-PRESIDENT
IN CHARGE OF
THE LAUGH DEPT

LISTEN, FORD,
IT'S GOT TO
BE FUNNY—
GO HOME AND
THINK UP AN-
OTHER IDEA—



HE TRIED FOR EIGHT YEARS TO SELL
"CAN YOU TOP THIS?" COMMERCIALS—

HARRY HERSHFIELD

JUST DROP ME OFF AT THE HERSH-FIELDS, JOE—

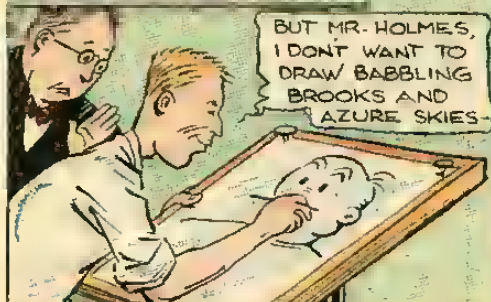
SECOND SECTION

A TEACHER ASKED A SMALL PUPIL "WHAT IS COWHIDE USED FOR?" "TO HOLD THE COW TOGETHER, FOR ONE THING!" REPLIED THE KID—

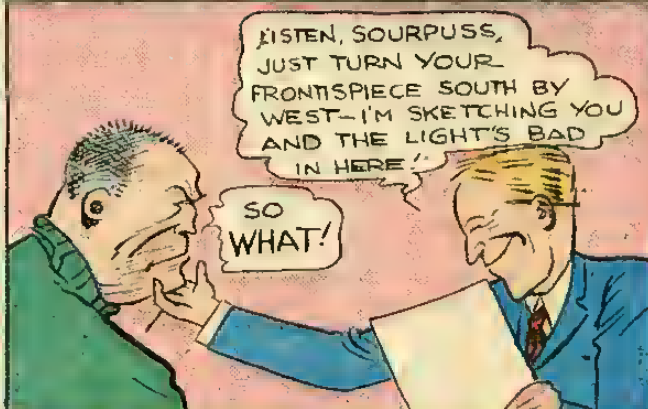
OH, LAWSY ME!!

HARRY WAS BORN IN CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, OCTOBER 13, 1885—MANY A MAN IS NOW ALIVE WHO REMEMBERS THAT FAMOUS DAY AND YEAR—

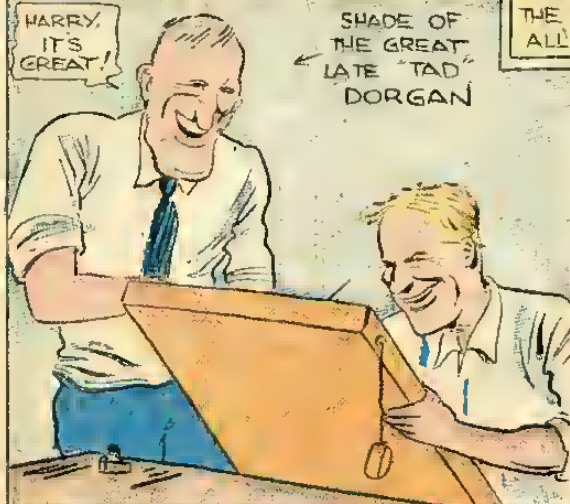
AT THE AGE OF TWO HE WENT TO CHICAGO (WITH HIS FAMILY) AND MATRICULATED AT A KINDERGARTEN WHERE HE IMMEDIATELY ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE FACULTY—



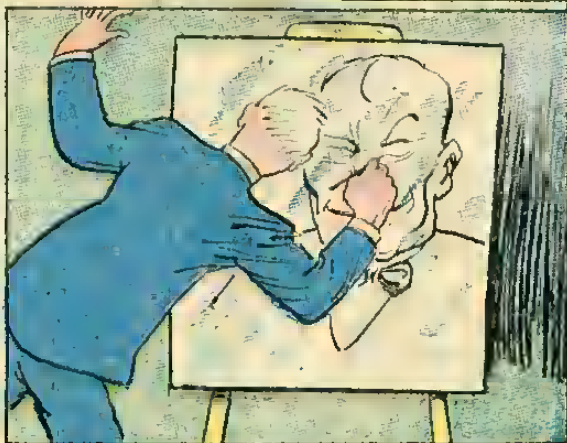
GRADUATING FROM GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN HARRY WENT TO THE FAMOUS FRANK HOLMES SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION (CHICAGO) WHERE HE STUDIED ART—



HE FINALLY GOT A JOB ON THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS DOING SPORT CARTOONS, RETOUCHING AND A COMIC STRIP CALLED "HOMELESS HECTOR"—HIS MAIN ASSIGNMENT WAS DOING CRIME STUFF "X MARKS THE SPOT"—THIS INCLUDED THE CRIMINALS, TOO—ALL FOR \$6.00 A WEEK—



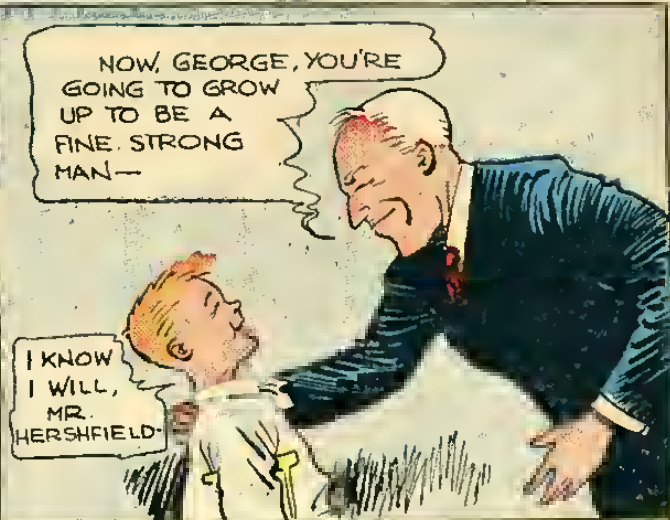
BUT OUR LAD HAD GREATER ACHIEVEMENTS AHEAD—HE WENT TO THE N.Y. JOURNAL WHERE HE CREATED HIS FAMOUS "DESPERATE DESMOND" STRIP FOLLOWED BY HIS SMASH HIT COMIC "ABE KASIBBLE"—ALSO HE DID "BROADWAY UNLIMITED" FOR THE JOURNAL—LATER HE DID A SUNDAY COMIC FOR THE N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE CALLED "NEVER THE BUYER"—



ULTIMATELY HE BECAME A NIGHTLY RADIO COMMENTATOR—THEN HE JOINED THE "CAN YOU TOP THIS?" RADIO PROGRAM WITH "SENATOR" FORD AND JOE LAURIE, JR.—IN BETWEEN HIS EARLIER JOBS HARRY PLAYED HAMMERSTEIN'S THEATER (N.Y.) WITH A CARTOON ACT—THEN HE WENT TO LONDON FOR A RUN—



YES, HARRY HERSHFIELD HAS MADE GOOD—HE IS ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING AFTER-OR-BEFORE-DINNER SPEAKERS IN AMERICA—IN 1936 HE SPOKE AT 226 DINNERS—HIS COLLECTION OF ECCLESIASTICAL ART IS THE ENVY OF EXPERTS—I'VE SEEN THESE PRICELESS POSSESSIONS MANY TIMES—THEY ARE WORTH HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS—

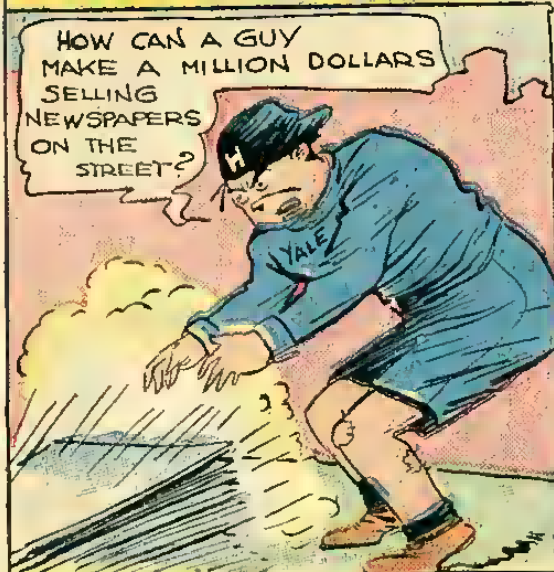


NOW, GEORGE, YOU'RE GOING TO GROW UP TO BE A FINE STRONG MAN—

I KNOW I WILL, MR. HERSHFIELD—

BUT PERHAPS, BEST OF ALL IS THIS FUNNY GUY'S CONTRIBUTION TO CHILDREN—I MEAN THE MECOSKER-HERSHFIELD CARDIAC FOUNDATION—ALFRED J. MECOSKER IS CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM—HE AND HARRY HERSHFIELD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED A NOTABLE JOB HELPING CHILDREN HANDICAPPED BY AFFLICTION—AND HERSHFIELD TELLS FUNNY STORIES—WHAT A MAN!

AND JOE LAURE, JR. WHAT ABOUT THIS FELLOW?



HOW CAN A GUY MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS SELLING NEWSPAPERS ON THE STREET?

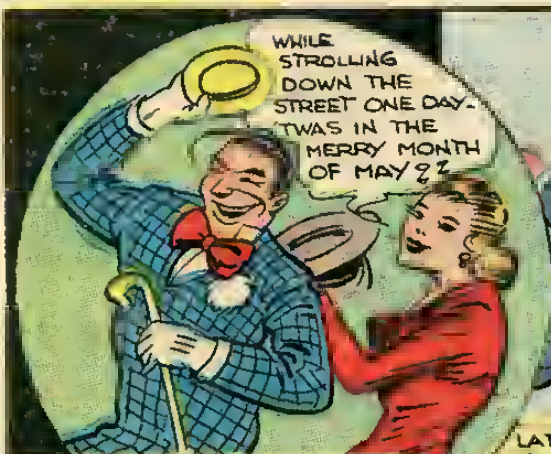
JOE WAS BORN IN N.Y.—HE YELLS THAT HE NEVER GRADUATED AT YALE OR OXFORD (ENGLAND)—HE BEGAN SELLING NEWSPAPERS—THIS MEMORY ANNOYS HIM—HE DIDN'T WANT TO SELL PAPERS—HE WANTED TO BE A MILLIONAIRE AT THE START—



JUST WHEN THE HERO NAILS THE VILLAIN SOMEBODY RINGS FOR ME!

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS INC.

HE HELD EIGHTY JOBS BEFORE HE HIT THE JACK-POT—HE WORKED AS A FLORIST, A COPY BOY FOR DOW, JONES & CO, SULKA & CO—OFFICE BOY FOR STREET AND SMITH (OUR COMPANY) A PETTICOAT FACTORY, BOOKBINDERS, DRUGGIST, WATER BOY FOR HARVEST HANDS—LAWYERS OFFICE, DENTISTS, DIAMOND SETTER, JEWELRY STORE, ETC.—AND HE WANTED TO BE AN ACTOR—



JOE BEGAN HIS THEATRICAL CAREER MAKING HIS FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE AT A FIREMEN'S BENEFIT AT GREENLAWN, LONG ISLAND, WITH AILEEN BRONSON, IN AN ACT WRITTEN BY THEMSELVES—

LATER AILEEN AND JOE WERE FEATURED IN "OVER THE TOP," A MUSICAL COMEDY WITH ED WYNN—JOE WROTE TEN SCENES FOR THIS SHOW—FOLLOWING THIS JOE WAS STARRED IN THE SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL COMEDIES "GINGHAM GIRL" AND "PLAIN JANE"—HE ALSO STARRED IN "GREAT LITTLE GUY" AND "WEATHER CLEAR, TRACK FAST"—



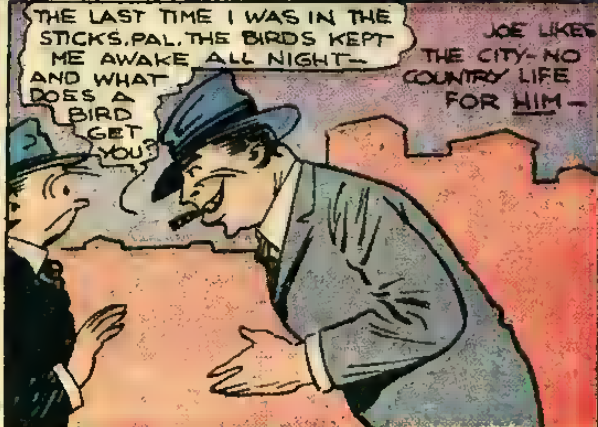
JOE THEN GOT A YEN TO PRODUCE SHOWS—HIS FIRST EFFORT WAS "MEMORY LANE"—IT LAID AN EGG—SO, HE WENT BACK TO WRITING—HE WROTE OVER 100 VAUDEVILLE ACTS AND ACTED AS A PLAY DOCTOR, SHOOTING DOPE INTO SICK SHOWS—

A NOTE FROM JOE LAURIE, JR.
TO THORNTON:

GEE, I'M GLAD I DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT MY UNCLE WHO STOLE SHEEP—

I'M WATCHING THE KIDS PLAY SNOW-BALLS—THEY DON'T DO IT LIKE WE USED TO ON THE EAST SIDE—WE JUST WHITWASHED ROCKS AND THREW THEM—

EVER THINE,
(SIGNED) JOE



TODAY NATIONAL MAGAZINES PUBLISH HIS ARTICLES AND HE HAS BEEN WITH "VARIETY," THE STAGE BIZ PAPER FOR 13 YEARS—A "GREAT LITTLE GUY" IS JOE LAURIE, JR.

A NOTE FROM "SENATOR" FORD

HEY, THORNTON!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DIVULGING MY PAST LIKE THIS?

I'M UNCOVERED! I'M DISROBED!

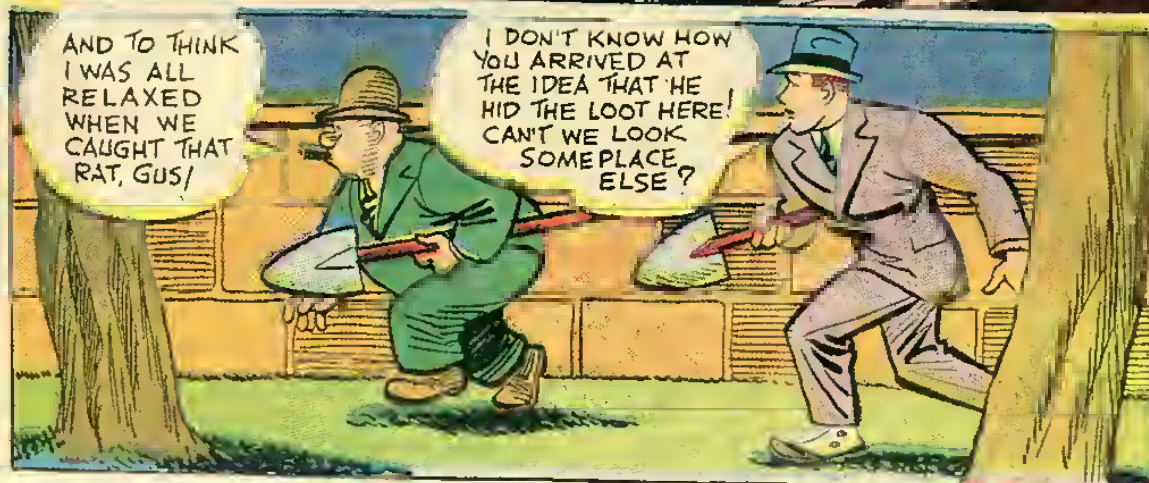
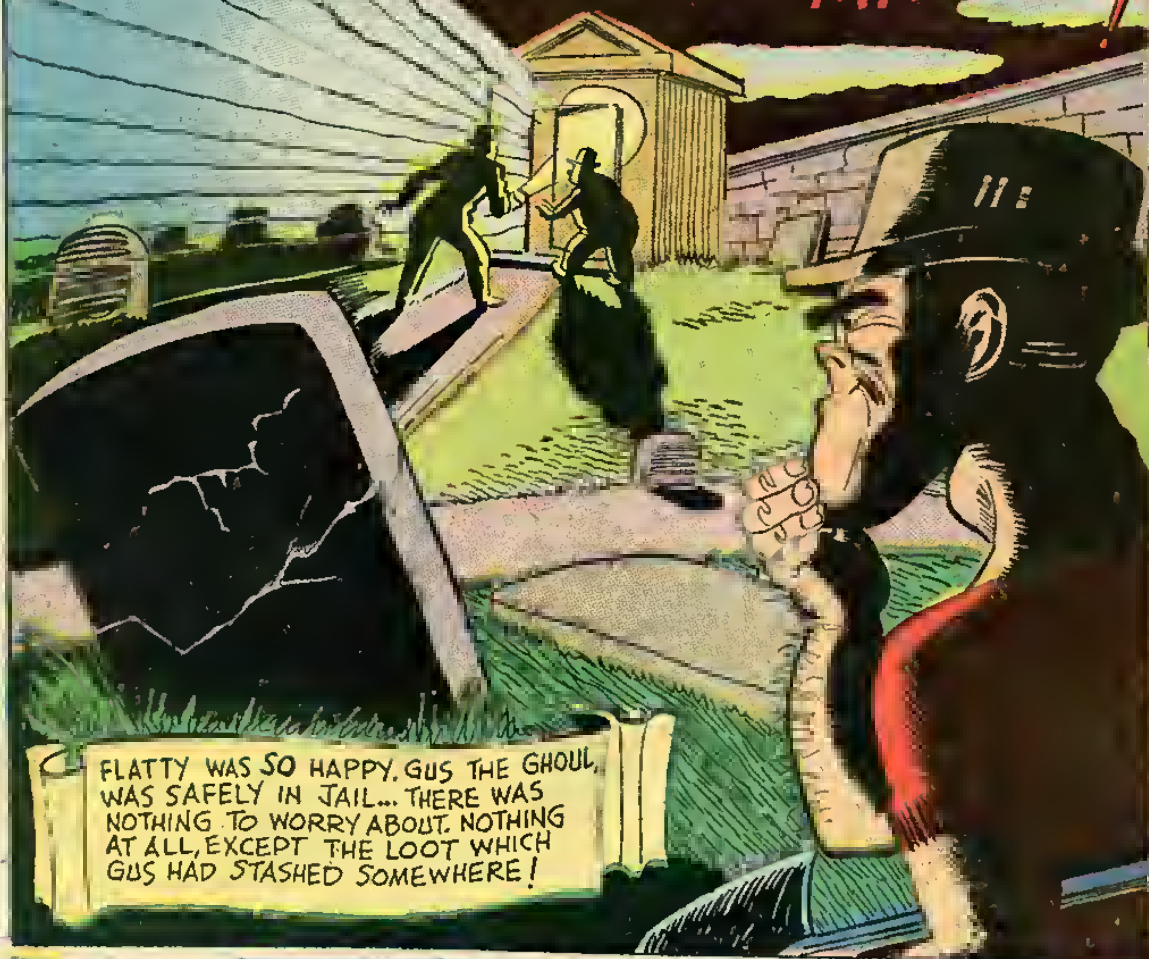
I'M NOW ELIGIBLE FOR A NUDIST COLONY.

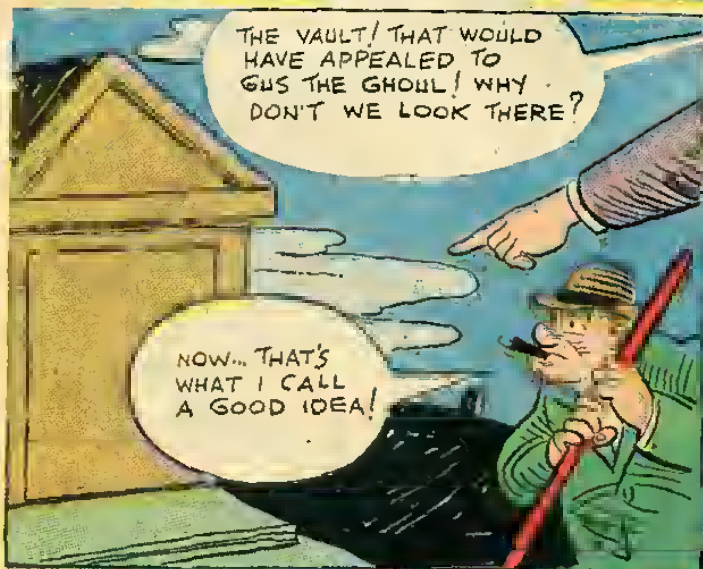
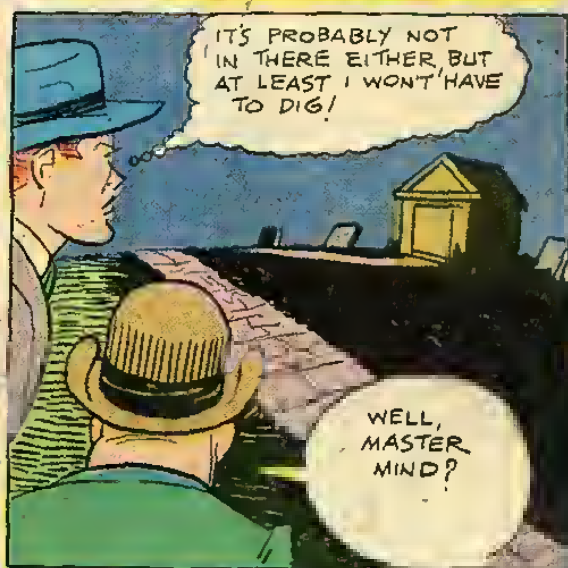
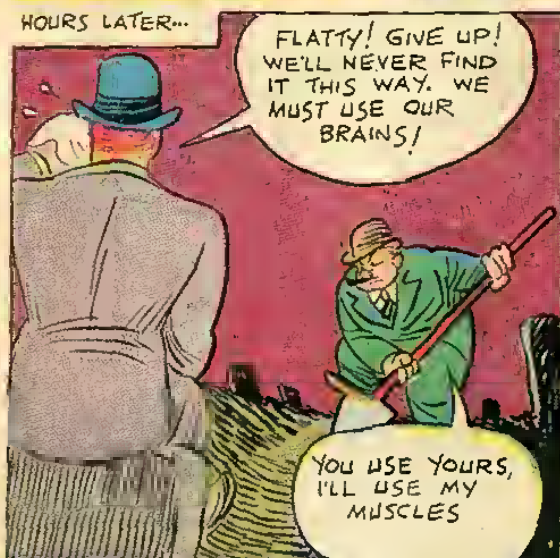
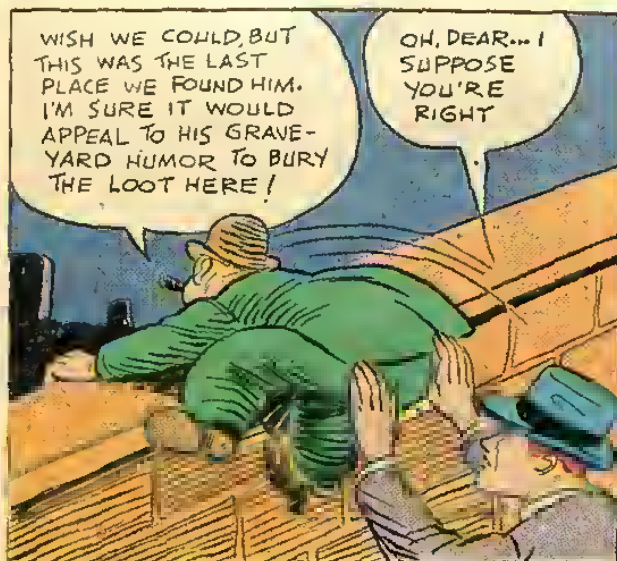
SENATOR FORD

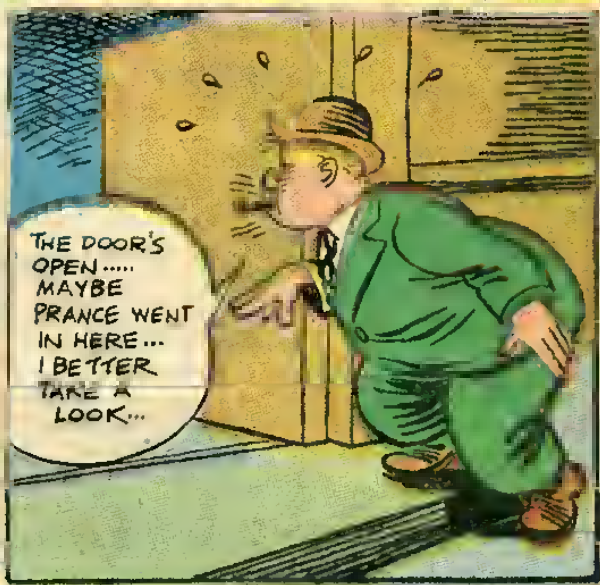
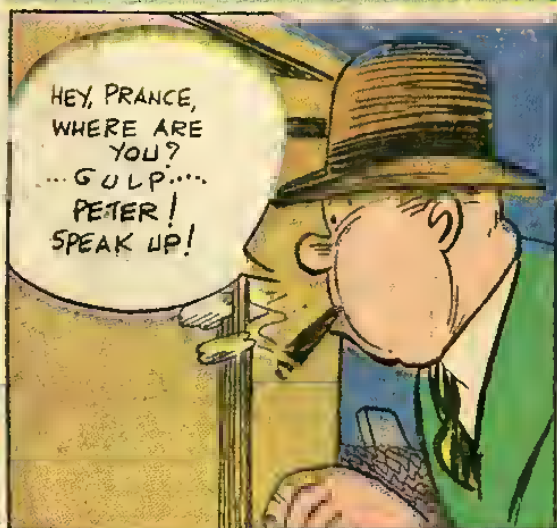
THORNTON FISHED

FLATTYFOOTE

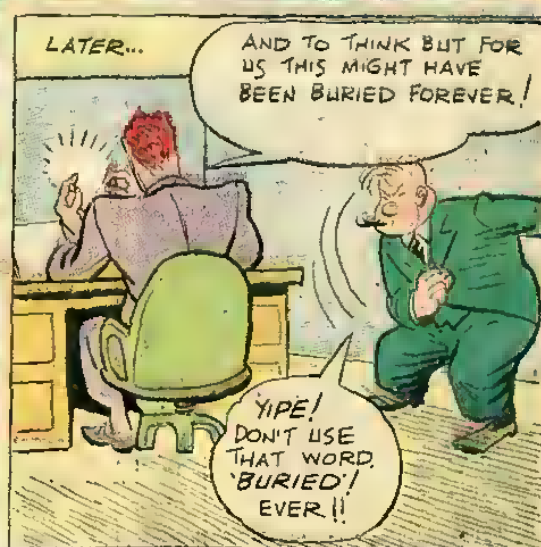
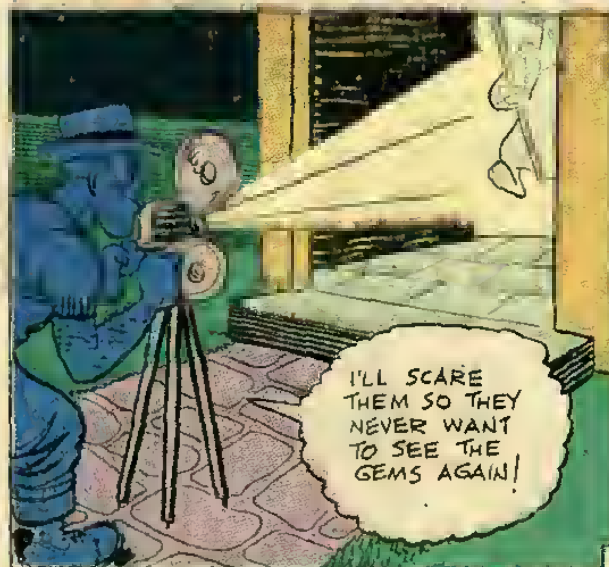
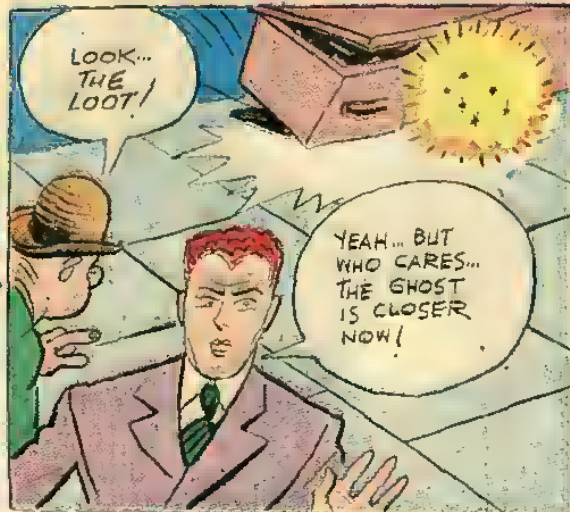
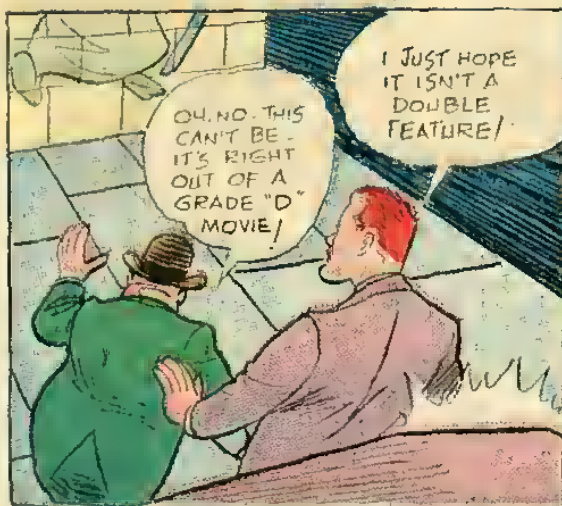
VAULT'S-MACABRE!









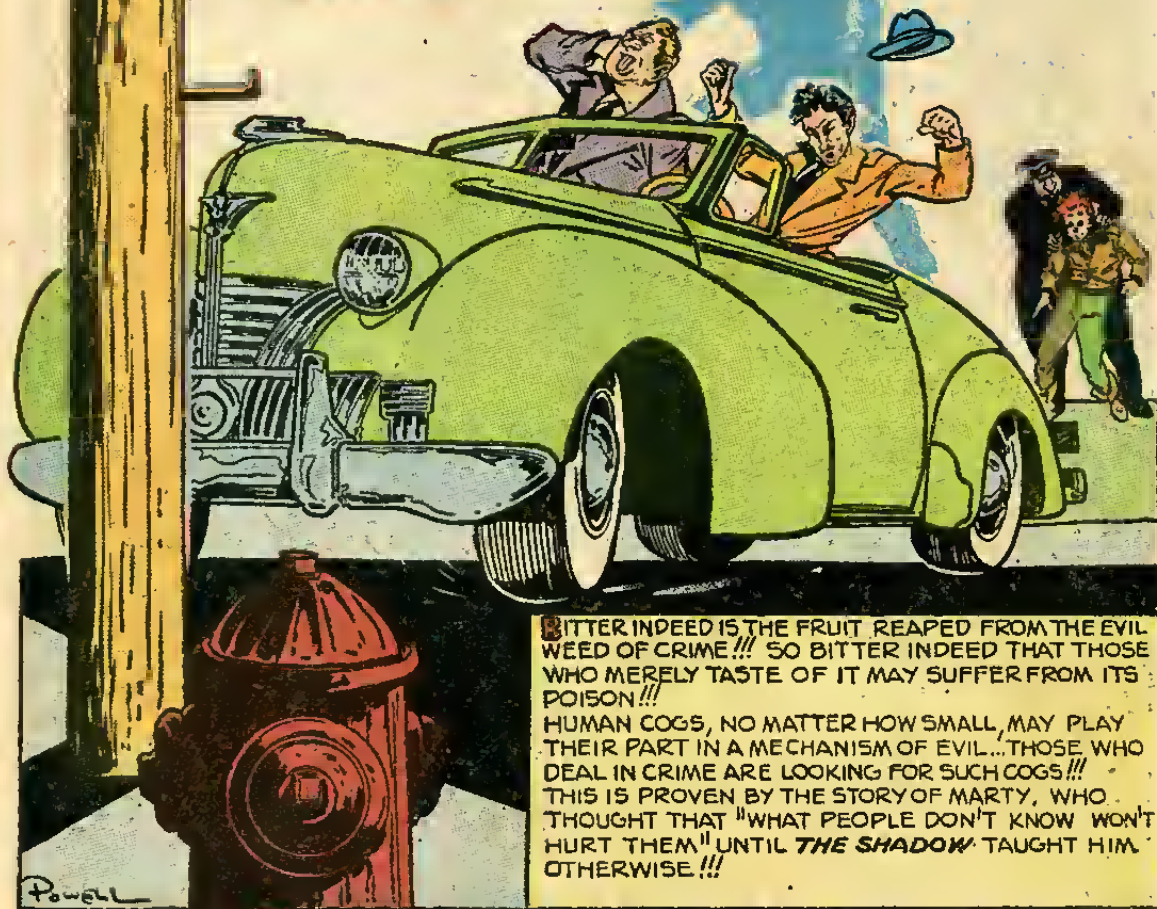


... BUT FLATTY BETTER GET USED TO THE WORD FOR NEXT MONTH... BUT... YOU'D BETTER READ...
"BURIED ALIVE!"

the Shadow

Proves that

Truth
Will
Out!



BITTER INDEED IS THE FRUIT REAPED FROM THE EVIL WEED OF CRIME!!! SO BITTER INDEED THAT THOSE WHO MERELY TASTE OF IT MAY SUFFER FROM ITS POISON!!!

HUMAN COGS, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, MAY PLAY THEIR PART IN A MECHANISM OF EVIL...THOSE WHO DEAL IN CRIME ARE LOOKING FOR SUCH COGS!!! THIS IS PROVEN BY THE STORY OF MARTY, WHO THOUGHT THAT "WHAT PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT THEM" UNTIL *THE SHADOW* TAUGHT HIM OTHERWISE!!!



THE POLICE HAVE BEEN LOOKING **EVERYWHERE** FOR KERF... YET YOU SAY SIMPLY BECAUSE I'VE TRACED HIS PAST ACTIONS AND HAVE CONCLUDED THAT KERF'S HIDEAWAY WOULD BE IN GRANSTEAD CITY... RIGHT THERE ON THE MAP!

YOU CAN FIND HIM! HOW'S THAT, LAMONT?!!



BUT WHY SHOULD KERF BE HIDING OUT? ARE ENEMIES AFTER HIM?

POSSIBLY... BUT HE MAY ALSO BE SHORT ON MONEY THAT HE OWES HIS CUSTOMERS. WE'LL FIND THAT OUT WHEN WE FIND KERF... IN GRANSTEAD.



MEANWHILE... IN THE CITY OF GRANSTEAD.

ALRIGHT, JEFFERS... WE KNOW THAT KERF IS LIVING IN THE OLD CUPOLA! BUT HE'LL SPOT US IF WE GO THERE!

MAYBE NOT...! I HAVE AN IDEA! LET'S TAKE A WALK, SHELVIN!



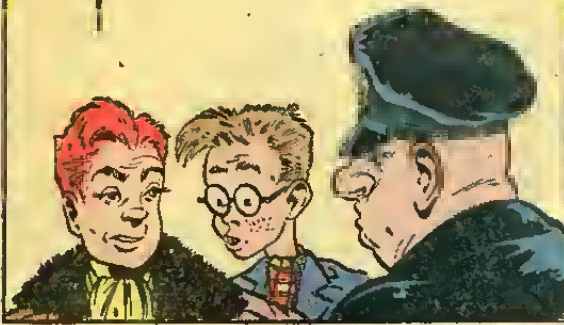
DUCK, JEFFERS... THERE'S A COP!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, SHELVIN! HE DOESN'T KNOW WE'RE PHONEY... I WANT TO HEAR WHAT HE SAYS TO THOSE KIDS!



SOMEBODY WAS THROWING ROCKS AT THE RAIL-ROAD SIGNAL TOWER...WE THINK IT WAS BIFF LANDIS! YOU DIDN'T SEE HIM GOING THAT WAY, DID YOU?

HAVEN'T SEEN BIFF ALL DAY....



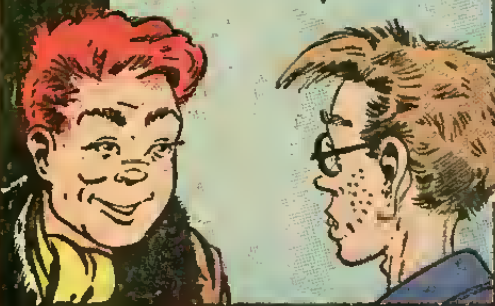
BUT YOU **DID** SEE BIFF DOWN BY THE TRACKS, MARTY. AND YOU **KNOW** RODDY WASN'T DOWN THERE.

IF I SAW BIFF I'VE **FORGOTTEN** IT, BECAUSE HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE...AND I **DID** SEE RODDY OVER BY THE TRACKS...EXCEPT OF COURSE, IT WAS YESTERDAY....



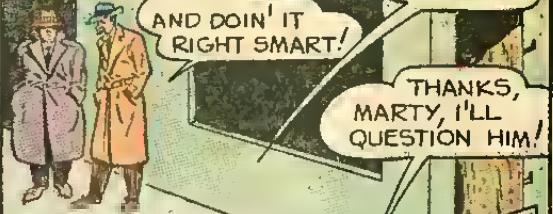
BUT FLAT-FOOT BURKE DIDN'T ASK ME **WHEN** I SAW RODDY, SO WHY SHOULD I TELL HIM?

MAYBE...MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, MARTY. WELL... I GOT TO BE GOING HOME!



BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHO I **DID** SEE COMING DOWN BY THE TRACKS...RODDY TALBOT!

THAT KID MARTY IS LYING, JEFFERS!



AND DOIN' IT RIGHT SMART!

THANKS, MARTY, I'LL QUESTION HIM!

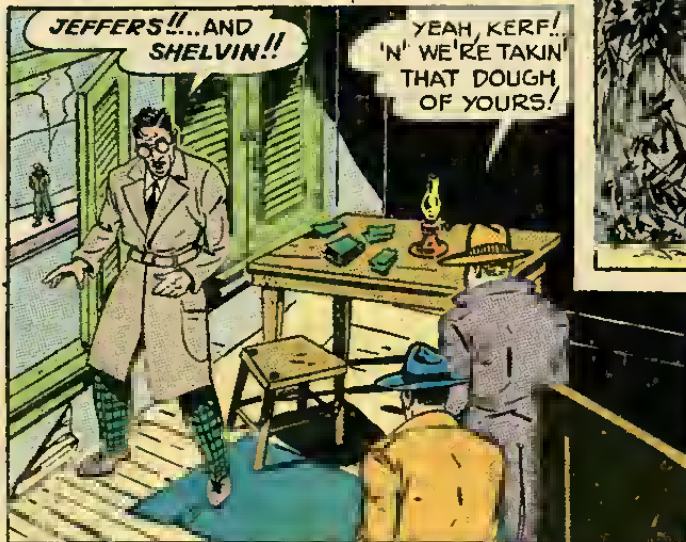


HEY KID, COME OVER HERE... WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

WE WANT YOU TO DO US A FAVOR...AND WE'LL PAY YOU IF YOU CAN KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT!

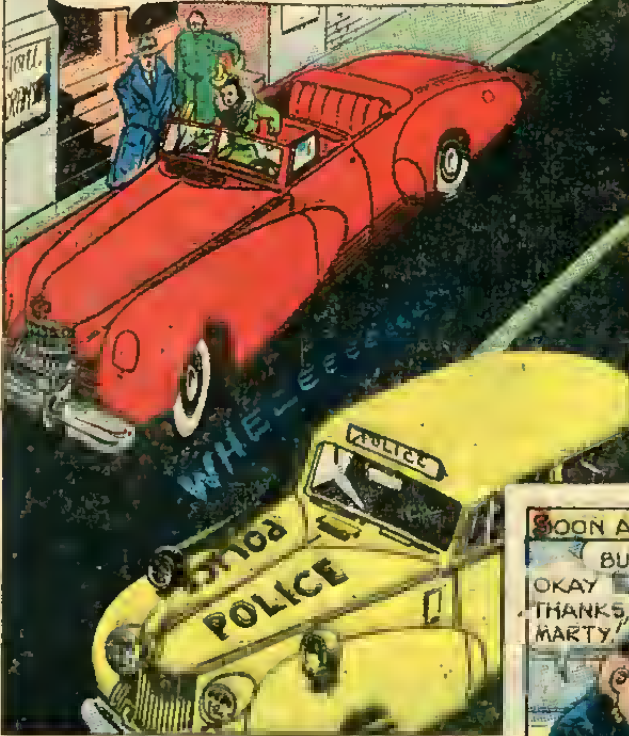


THAT'S MY SPECIALTY, MISTER



TWO HOURS LATER...DOWNTOWN GRANSTEAD

WELL!! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?!



SOMEBODY WAS **MURDERED** IN THE OLD SIKE'S MANSION...THEY THINK IT WAS **RICHARD KERF** TH' MISSIN' BROKER...

I'D BETTER GO TO THE POLICE STATION...I'LL SEE YOU LATER, MARGO!

'N' THEY'RE HOLDING OLD **HUGO** THE JANITOR! RIGHT!



SOON AFTERWARDS AT THE POLICE STATION...

BUT **HUGO** IS THE ONLY PERSON I'VE SEEN GO INTO THE MANSION!

OKAY THANKS, MARTY!

...BUT I TELL YA I AINT BEEN UP IN TH' CUPOLA FER MONTHS!

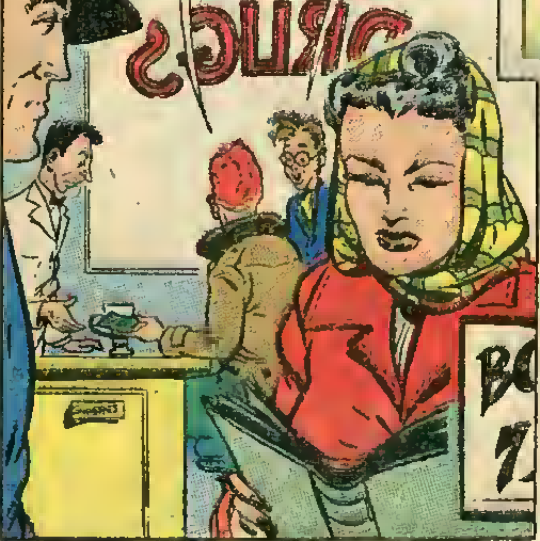


THEN...AN HOUR LATER AT THE VILLAGE DRUG STORE...

BUT, LAMONT, IT'S **OBVIOUS** THAT **HUGO** SHOT **KERF**! MWW...MAYBE NOT!... I'VE A HUNCH...WAIT A MINUTE!

COME ON, TOM...I'LL BUY YOU A SODA!

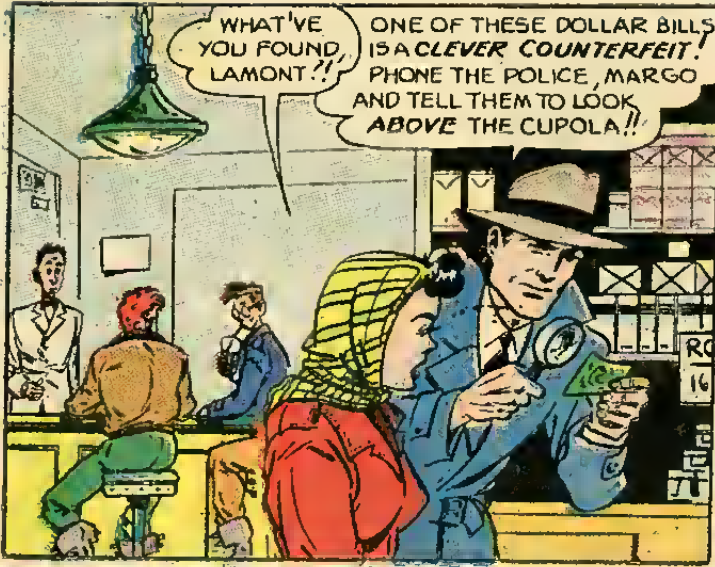
GEE!...A WHOLE DOLLAR!



OH, CLERK...CAN YOU CHANGE THIS FIFTY FOR ME?

YES SIR! GUESS SO...BUT IT'LL TAKE ALL MY CASH...INCLUDIN' EVERY DOLLAR BILL!





WHAT'VE YOU FOUND LAMONT??

ONE OF THESE DOLLAR BILLS IS A CLEVER COUNTERFEIT! PHONE THE POLICE, MARGO AND TELL THEM TO LOOK ABOVE THE CUPOLA!!

SOON AFTERWARD.....

I STILL THINK IT WAS A CRANK CALL.... THAT WOMAN'S VOICE TELLIN' US TO LOOK ABOVE THE CUPOLA!

WE'D BETTER LOOK ANYWAY... WE MIGHT FIND SOMETHIN' TO PROVE OUR CASE AGAINST HUGO!



D 'YA SEE ANYTHIN'??

NAW!... THERE... HOLY SMOKE!!... LOOKIT THIS!!! KERF, WAS PRINTIN' HIS OWN MONEY!!



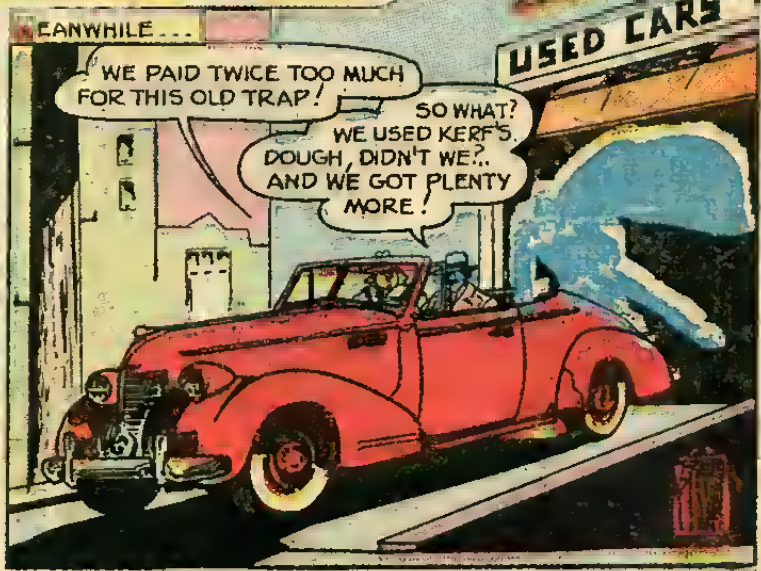
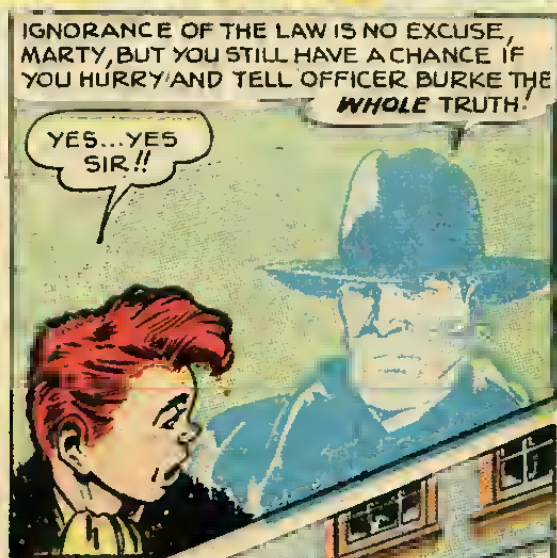
MEANWHILE... LAMONT CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW!!

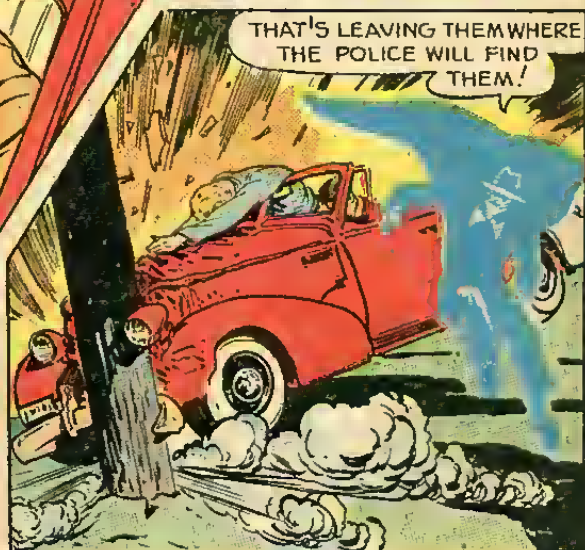
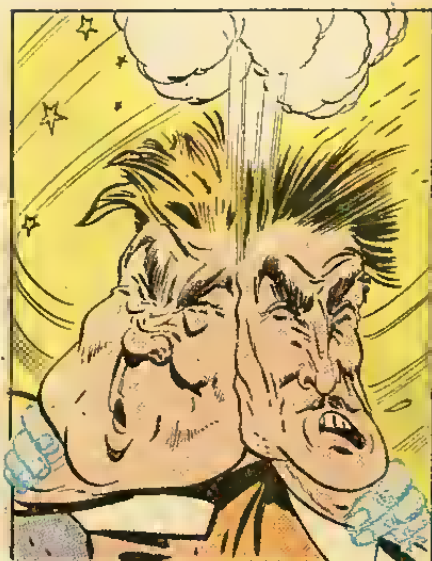


THREE... FOUR... FIVE... HEY!! WHAT TH...?? WHO...?? WHA...?? I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU, MARTY!

SPECIAL NEW SPEED MODEL ONLY \$5 DOLLAR DOWN!

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Boys Girls CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE



DAISY'S
RED
Ryder

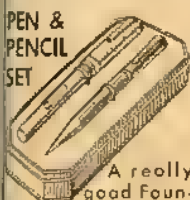


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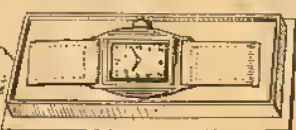


"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given complete with two batteries, for selling one order of seeds



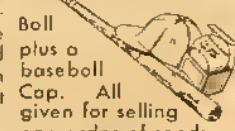
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A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order of American seeds, plus \$1.50 extra.



ORIGINAL SOFTBALL SET

Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and



Ball plus a baseball Cap. All given for selling one order of seeds.



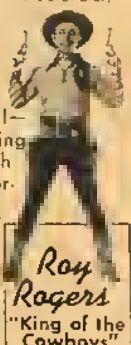
A big, husky **HUNTING KNIFE**, with Leather Sheath. Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order.

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Republic Pictures Star.



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"King of the Cowboys"

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TELEGRAPH



BULLSEYE



MAGNET



TELEGRAPH

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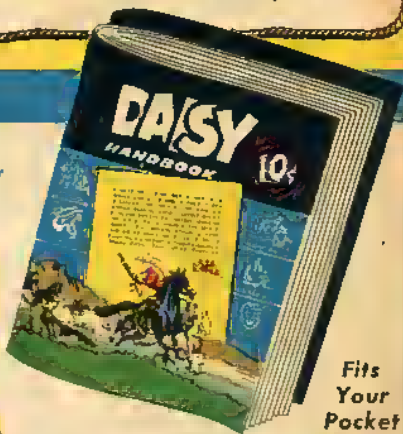
boy lingo—how to read brande—the sportsman's code—tricks for your dog—cowboy clothes

Bend—guns and gunsteel! We could go on and tell you about

other articles such as how western movie are made—how to mount and saddle western style—how to decorate your room

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